

The Saturday Review

No. 2135, Vol. 82.

26 September, 1896.

Price 6d.

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NOTES.

IN the middle of this century every one seemed inclined to believe with Mr. Herbert Spencer that the evolution of democracy and industry would bring about an era of universal peace. The swords were being beaten into ploughshares, and the time appeared to be near when the lion would lie down with the lamb. Now at the century end all such hopes are seen to be vain. The events of this week form a sort of history in little of the past as of the future of our boasted civilization. Accounts of victories in the Soudan achieved by British soldiers jostle in the daily papers the description of the Tsar's visit to the Queen, and the columns devoted to the trial of Irish dynamiters are followed by Mr. Gladstone's fiery denunciations of the Crowned Assassin who but the other day was "our most ancient ally." A crusade on behalf of humanity is backed by an article devoted to stocks and shares, and no one doubts that the interest excited by the money article is the more effective of the two.

Mr. Gladstone's suggestion that England should mark its dissent from the other Powers on the Eastern Question by withdrawing Sir Philip Currie and giving Costaki Bey his passports lends interest to precedents for action of that sort. In 1849, when the Sultan refused the demand of Russia and Austria for the surrender of Kossuth, Dembinski, Bem, and other Hungarian and Polish refugees who had fled into Turkey, the Foreign Offices of Vienna and St. Petersburg combined to withdraw their Ambassadors from Constantinople. The discovery, however, that England and France were supporting Abdul Medjid, and had fleets at the Dardanelles prepared for any emergency, came as a counsel of prudence, and the Embassies were opened again.

Seven years later, in 1856, England and France joined in withdrawing their legations from Naples, as the strongest protest possible, short of actual hostilities, against the idiotic and criminal misgovernment of "Bomba." Although this case was, of course, not on all fours with the one of 1849, it is none the less curious to find Prince Gortschakoff denouncing it in an official circular as an invasion of the sacred rights of a sovereign. The Russian Chancellor thus stated the principle: "We could understand that, as a consequence of friendly forethought, one Government should give advice to another in a benevolent spirit; that such advice might even assume the character of exhortation; but we believe that to be the furthest limit allowable." The italics are those of the original utterance, and apparently they might have been written yesterday by M. Schishkine, instead of forty years ago.

Great stress has been laid on the fact that Nicolas II.'s visit to Balmoral is a strictly private one; hence he is

the guest of the Sovereign and not of the nation, and the latter may, without the slightest breach of etiquette, continue to discuss the policy of Russia. The "Pall Mall," then, did not err against the canons of good taste when, on the day of the Tsar's arrival, it reviewed our past and present relations with the Muscovite Empire in order to suggest a friendly understanding for the future. But we must take objection to the optimistic and hopeful tone of the two following sentences:—"They [England and Russia] are both colonizing Powers, and the path of their Empires takes its way Eastward. There is no reason, on the face of things, why a working understanding should not be ultimately attained," &c. &c. We feel like Master Dombledom, Falstaff's tailor, who wanted better assurance than Bardolph's for the burly knight's short cloak and slops; we want better security than the "Pall Mall's" for Russia's willingness to live peaceably with us in the Far East.

The policy inaugurated by the late Prince Lobanoff is not likely to be reversed by his successor, whoever he may be. This policy was essentially Asiatic and thoroughly consistent with geographical, sociological, and ethnographical facts, which, in spite of the efforts of Peter the Great and of his successors, remain stubborn, as all facts are apt to remain, and will for many years to come militate against the transformation of Russia into a European Power. And, to tell the truth, Russian civilization appeals more forcibly to Asiatic nations than ours. We colonize or govern; we do not amalgamate with the races we bring under our sway. The distance—the gulf, if one likes—between Asiatic barbarism and Russian civilization is capable of being bridged: our civilization is over the Asiatic's head. The attempts to impart it to him have been about as successful as the teaching of Herbert Spencer or Matthew Arnold would be in a Board school.

A bit of gossip which comes from Peking may serve as a comment on the language which Russian newspapers have been using lately about England. Peking is unendurable in summer, and the members of the Foreign Legations migrate to the hills, where they lodge in Buddhist temples. Each Legation has been in the habit of going every year to the same temple, and none would have dreamed of poaching on the other's preserve. We are informed, on what seems good authority, that this year the Russians offered a higher price for the temple which the British Legation has always occupied, and, of course, got it! Can this curious incident be explained by any act or default of Englishmen? The French and Russian Ministers and all their suites, we hear, withdrew some time ago from the Peking Club because none of them was elected on the Managing Committee, which was found to contain an obtrusive preponderance of Britons. Lobanoff's

energetic Pro-Russian policy had some justification, we may be sure, if not in resentment then in the belief that Russia has a civilizing mission in Asia as we have in India.

A Reuter's telegram from St. Petersburg announcing that a school has been opened at Seoul to teach Russian to the benighted and indolent native, recalls attention to Russia's movements in the Far East. The statement in the telegram is, we happen to know, perfectly correct; but like most of the news concerning the Far East which comes by way of Vladivostok and St. Petersburg, it is somewhat belated. The school in question was set up more than six months ago, and is part of Russia's general scheme to obtain paramount influence in the peninsular kingdom. Not only has a school to teach the Russian language been established, but a school in which Russian officers teach military tactics. Slowly and cautiously, but none the less surely, is Russia ousting Japan from the position the latter Power reached during the late war. The King of Korea now resides at the Russian Legation, where he finds protection from his good friends the Japanese and their reforming ways; the Russian Minister at Seoul is the King's adviser; Russian counsellors are appointed to the various administrative departments; and Korean soldiers are being drilled by Russian or American officers; for, strange, as it may seem, the American colony in Seoul works hand-in-glove with the Russian.

True, Russia and Japan some months ago entered into a compact to exercise a dual control over Korean administration; but it is to be feared that Japanese statesmen were more concerned to "save face," as the Eastern expression runs, than animated by any belief that such a scheme would work in practice. Our Foreign Office has been assured from St. Petersburg that Russia rigidly adheres to the Port Hamilton compact, by which, on the withdrawal of England from that port, she engaged, on her side, not to occupy any part of Korea. The assurance may be trusted so far as the letter is concerned, for it is not likely that Russia will arouse the jealousy of other Powers by definite action of this sort. But when the time comes for the Trans-Siberian railway to be extended to Port Lazareff, and for Port Lazareff to be developed by Russian money and Russian enterprise into a great naval station, with the advantage over Vladivostok of being open all the year round,—then it will be a matter of perfect indifference to Russia whether the peninsular kingdom be nominally Russian or nominally Korean, so long as it is to her tune that the King and Ministerial puppets dance. Russia long ago made up her mind to secure supreme control in the North Pacific, and the sudden rise of Japan has accelerated rather than checked her advance.

It has been observed already that the Devil has all the best tunes. We are forced to admit that the two best utterances on the Armenian question have proceeded from Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Labouchere. The member for Northampton has, at all events, an Eastern policy, which nine out of ten "shouters" have not. Mr. Labouchere's policy is to send Russia into Turkey to do the job which the European Powers are unwilling or unable to do themselves. But Russia may very well say in answer to such a request, "Why, this is what I offered to do in 1878; but your Lord Beaconsfield stepped in and prevented me. I offered after the war to take the Christians in Turkey under my protection, including the Armenians. But your Jingoes were jealous, and nothing would satisfy them but a European guarantee. Now you come snivelling to me, and begging me to do what you wouldn't allow me to do then! Why should I?" Mr. Labouchere thinks that Russia might be induced to forgive our folly, and do our dirty work, by the offer of a free passage through the Dardanelles for her men-of-war, and by being made "the paramount Power" at Constantinople. At any rate here is a policy which is none the less worthy of consideration because it is proposed by a man without a portfolio.

The Emperor of Russia is said to be superstitious; nervous he undoubtedly is. What will he think of the

arrangement by the French authorities that he and the Empress should pass the night at Versailles in the chamber of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette? Can it be true; or is it a malicious Royalist canard? If it should turn out to be true, then indeed we shall have to say that tact has departed from France with her kings and emperors. Altogether the reception of the Tsar by the French Republic is a droll paradox, for the Tsar represents everything that is most detestable in the philosophy of his hosts. The history of France for the last hundred years has been a series of struggles against the principle of absolute monarchy. If Royalties dared to be consistent, they would refuse to visit a Republic that had risen on the ruins of an Empire. Equally undignified is the spectacle of Red Republicans and ex-Communists prostrating themselves at the feet of the Tsar.

The reporter employed by the "Daily Chronicle" to describe the Tsar's reception at Leith must surely be a New Woman. Of course it is "the personality of the young Tsar" that chiefly interests her. She talks sagely of his "unsmiling reserve" and "the quick side-glances out of nervous eyes." But we are taught to regret this exquisite characterization—that might be applied, one would have thought, more fitly to a colt than a man—when we meet profound reflections such as "You cannot very well combine publicity and secrecy." Then follows a multitude of trivial details, and at length the conclusion:—"He [the Tsar] sat with eyes straight in front of him looking nervously . . . he had dark rings under his eyes . . . the only likeness to his father is in his eyebrows, which slightly beetle . . ." and so forth. This vision might be regarded as fragmentary and imperfect; but consider how it is charged with emotion:—"But, if I mistake not, there is nascent force of will in that face and passion—passion that may do great and terrible things when backed with such force. Above all, there is the growing habit of autocratic power to be read in the eyes—the indifference to the will of others—the splendid isolation of soul which is at once so dazzling and so forlorn." The young person has evidently been reading "The Sorrows of Satan."

It is not easy for Englishmen to follow with clearness the developments of the extraordinary new muddle which the Democrats of New York State have engrafted upon the general confusion of the Presidential campaign. The party organization in the State accepted the Silver programme of Mr. Bryan, but, apparently with a view to conciliate the gold minority who oppose Bryan, put in nomination for the governorship a gentleman who was known to be against Silver. This gentleman was expected to maintain a diplomatic reserve on national issues, and his public announcement that as a party man he will vote for Mr. Bryan, though he believes his financial views to be utterly wrong, angers both factions by its gratuitous foolishness. All this is not very intelligible to outsiders, but the fact that this over-garrulous candidate is no other than Mr. John Boyd Thacker—whose gifted asininity as the chief of the Awards Committee at the Chicago World's Fair threw the whole body of exhibitors into a state of homicidal rage, and kept them there for months—will account for almost anything.

We hope that in one direction, at any rate, permanent good to the travelling public will accrue from the cab strike. Passengers from the North now receive printed notices *en route* to the effect that the railway company will be prepared to take charge of luggage at the terminus and deliver it to town residences as expeditiously as possible at a charge of threepence per package. Some such arrangement just now is a very great convenience—nay, almost a necessity. But it need not end, we imagine, with the strike. If railway companies can relieve their customers of the luggage-worry now, they can do it equally well at other times. The charge made is sufficient to recoup the companies for the service; and we trust that, having once put their hands to this desirable reform, they will continue in the good way, and mitigate the chief evil of travel in this country. The circular now being issued

also contains an intimation that passengers may book their luggage at country stations for conveyance to town and delivery there at the rate of sixpence per package, plus any charge there may be for overweight beyond the free allowance covered by railway tickets; and this practice likewise is to be commended, and should be made a permanent institution. Why English railway companies could not relieve their passengers from looking after luggage as well as American companies has always been mysterious.

The action of Lord Rosmead in ordering Major Baden-Powell under "open arrest" at the very time that he is "driving the rebels before him in every direction" has excited a good deal of irritation both here and in South Africa. The High Commissioner has arrested Major Baden-Powell for "conforming"—presumably for assenting—to the execution of a rebel chief. Whether the chief was rightly shot or not we have no means of knowing; but it seems to us, as civilians, that if Major Baden-Powell has done wrong, he should answer for it before a court-martial. Lord Rosmead, however, has said that martial law has not been proclaimed in Rhodesia, and that, therefore, all prisoners of war belong to the civil authority. A war without martial law strikes us as a novelty, and a campaign conducted by a High Commissioner as dangerous. Equally infelicitous was Lord Rosmead's remark that he didn't see any use in forwarding to Mr. Chamberlain the petition, signed by 13,000 persons, for the reinstatement of Mr. Rhodes on the Board of the Chartered Company, as Mr. Rhodes himself had tendered his resignation. We are almost afraid that since the Jameson business Lord Rosmead has lost the *meus aqua in arduis*. Formerly he was the sweetest-tempered of men; but for the last nine months he has been subjected to a strain that would have destroyed the mental serenity of most people.

Mr. Leonard Courtney is not exactly a popular man on either side of the House of Commons—no man who dwells between the frontier lines of the two parties ever is. Besides, Mr. Courtney has "a saucy roughness" of manner and diction, which does not tend to make his home truths more palatable to those who have to swallow them. But he is a man of undoubted ability and information, whose honesty of motive has never been questioned, and whose partial disablement for the battle of politics would be a real loss to the country. Every one must learn with unfeigned sorrow that he is threatened with loss of sight, and that his German doctor doubts whether he will be able to "read effectively" again. Total blindness, we are glad to say, he will escape, according to the report from abroad. But for a man who has lived and worked his way up by his brains to be deprived of the power of reading is indescribably sad.

The graceful person and fascinating manners of Lord Pembroke conferred a sort of distinction upon the Conservative party in the House of Commons between the years 1886 and 1895, when Mr. Sidney Herbert acted as their second Whip. But it must often have struck many that there was something decidedly un-English in those manners; they were so easy, so considerate to all, so gentle—in short, so very unlike that careless insolence which our public schools and Universities impress upon our young aristocrats. Now we are reminded that Lord Pembroke has Russian blood in his veins. He is the son of Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Peelite Minister for War, who was the son of the eleventh Earl of Pembroke by his second wife, the Countess Woronzow, a famous Russian beauty. This Sidney Herbert was created Lord Herbert of Lea in 1861; his statue stands in front of the War Office, and he figures in Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion" as Sidney Wilton. Perhaps, as "Sidonia" used to say, "race is everything."

Having found out that "identity of rates of taxation does not necessarily involve equality of burden," the "Daily Chronicle" argues that the British workman is unfairly taxed, because, forsooth, out of every shilling he spends on tobacco he pays 7½d. to the State, whereas

the consumer of two sixpenny cigars gets 10½d. worth of tobacco, and "has only to contribute 1½d. to the State for taxes." We felt inclined to argue that tobacco was a luxury and not a necessary of life, and that—but the "Daily Chronicle" forestalls us—thus "what is true of tobacco is true of other articles of food and drink, though in a lesser degree." Of course if tobacco is both food and drink our contention may be summarily dismissed. A little later the "Daily Chronicle" faces the facts: people say that workmen do not pay Income-tax or Death-duties; "there never was a greater mistake. As a matter of fact the poor man's share of Income-tax, of Death-duties, of local rates, and of almost every conceivable tax can be easily accounted for in the disproportionate rent paid by him for his house." We rub our eyes, but that is the statement. The workman pays twice what the rich man pays for each cubic foot of house-room, and therefore, according to the "Chronicle," discharges more than his share of the taxes. According to the same logic, the lowest class of workmen who pay their rent unpunctually, and sometimes "flit by night" without paying the rent due, and who in consequence have to pay extra high rent, are unduly taxed by the State. No wonder the "Chronicle" reproves us for want of common sense.

Certain coincidences in life are so extraordinary that they would almost force us to believe with Descartes, that men are merely conscious automata, "and moved by some unseen hand at the board." Every one remembers how Newton and Leibnitz, working independently of each other, discovered the theory of fluxions at almost the same time, and how Wallace, Darwin, and Haeckel, investigating the origin of species, all hit on the evolutionary hypothesis. One might object that in science such coincidences are inevitable; that the finishing of one story in the temple of knowledge conditions, and may almost be said to create, the next; but there are fully as remarkable coincidences in the arts and in letters where a similar explanation does not hold. For instance, let us take the case of Whistler in England and the Goncourts in Paris.

At first sight nothing could be more different from Whistler's romantic love of grace and beauty than the scientific realism of the Frenchmen. But consider their points of likeness. While Edmund de Goncourt was teaching the French public the wonders of Japanese Art, Whistler was performing the same service for the English public; and while the Goncourts were discovering, to use their own phrase, the French artists and decorators of the eighteenth century, and collecting the pictures of Watteau, Fragonard, and Chardin, Mr. Whistler and his friends, the early Pre-Raphaelites, were teaching us the value and beauty of the English Decorative Art of the same period. The similarity might be pushed even further. Rossetti practised both the Arts of Painting and of Poetry with consummate ability; but it is difficult not to believe that he would have been a greater painter had he had no poetic gift; and where Rossetti stumbled the De Goncourts fell. The Frenchmen's prose is absolutely ruined by the fact that they had the painter's eye and the painter's love of colours. Where the field is unlimited how comes it that a certain infinitesimal portion is cultivated in France and in England at the same time and in the same way?

The prince of self-advertisers must be satisfied at last. In the "Times" of last Wednesday, in the centre of the advertisement page with "Bovril is the vital principle of ox-beef from selected cattle," in big capitals, on the one side, and "Koula Carpets 8' 2" by 7' 6" . . . £4 5s." on the other, appears Sir Edwin Arnold's "Queen's Day." It looked at first as if Sir Edwin had "arranged" for this particular position for his poem in the columns of our contemporary; but he tells us now that the peculiar prominence given to his effusion was due to the kindly thoughtfulness of the gentleman who is responsible for the advertisement. Why should Sir Edwin feign "boundless indignation" at this? A more appropriate place for his verse would surely be difficult to find.

MR. GLADSTONE IN LIVERPOOL.

POSSIBLY the presence of Lord Derby in the chair and of Sir Arthur Forwood on the platform had a damping effect upon what Lord Beaconsfield once called the exuberance of Mr. Gladstone's verbosity. Apart from the fact that it was delivered by a man of eighty-five to an audience of nearly ten thousand, and lasted seventy-five minutes, there is really nothing remarkable about this long-expected speech. To apply to it such epithets as "stirring" and "great" is the mere gush of partisans. We do not wish to be discourteous to Mr. Gladstone, who made some generous admissions; but candour compels us to say that the oration was somewhat deficient in point, and just a little ridiculous. We are, of course, relieved to find that Mr. Gladstone did not pronounce for "open war," as some of his followers expected; for such a declaration from such a source might have done mischief, so prone are the British to follow familiar names. But it is rather a strain upon our gravity, and indeed, at this hour of the day, upon our patience, for the oracle to propound the recall of the six Ambassadors from Constantinople as the solution of the Eastern Question. There is very much in the speech to which no Conservative, save the most fanatical philo-Turk, can take exception. We may agree, for instance, that the Concert of Europe has failed, and that coercion does not in all cases mean war—from which, be it observed, Mr. Gladstone shrinks as decisively as any one. Whether it be true that the presence of the six representatives of the European Powers at Constantinople countenances and supports the policy of massacre is more disputable. But let us agree for the sake of argument that such is the effect on the Sultan's mind. What then? We must make, says Mr. Gladstone, a peremptory demand upon the Sultan, and in case of refusal we must present the Turkish Ambassador in London with his papers, and recall Sir Philip Currie! What effect would that have upon the Sultan? He would merely call his Ministers together and thank Allah they were rid of a knave. But suppose the other five European Powers were to follow the example of Great Britain and recall their Ambassadors from the Turkish capital? Would that solve the Eastern Question? The Sultan would simply retire into the inmost recesses of the harem and heave a sigh of profound relief. It was hardly worth while to leave Hawarden for the purpose of proposing such a policy as this.

The real truth is that Mr. Gladstone, like so many of his party, is "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike." They want to depose the Sultan by force, but they dare not take the risk of war. We thank Mr. Gladstone for his generous exemption of the present Government from all blame in this Armenian business. And we accept joyfully his assurance that no crusade against Mahomedanism is intended. He would have made the same protest had the victims been Buddhists, Confucians, or Hindoos. All this is as it should be. But we are afraid all Mr. Gladstone's followers are not equally scrupulous. Some of the "shouters" of the baser kind among the Dissenters are doing their best to stir up the worst passions of Protestantism against the followers of Mahomet. These ignorant and wicked persons have not, of course, the faintest notion of what a Gregorian Armenian is, or even where he dwells. This benighted bigotry has received no encouragement from Mr. Gladstone, who stands, as he tells us, not on British, not on European, but on human ground. We could have wished that his guidance to the nation had been more precise, but that is perhaps the harshest thing we can say of his performance.

If it were worth while to reproach any English statesman with inconsistency, we might remind Mr. Gladstone that it is not so many weeks ago that he wrote to a Mr. Watson denouncing in somewhat pharisaical phraseology the increased expenditure on the British Navy. Where is the sense in talking about coercing the Sultan in one breath and reducing our Navy in another? "Effective security" against further massacres by all means: but the only security in politics, as in other business, is superior force. We do not quite believe with Mr. Labouchere that Russia is prepared to sign a self-denying ordinance. But, on the other hand, we have

no alarmist objection to the neutralization of Constantinople, to the opening of the Dardanelles, or even to the formal recognition of Russian "influence" in the Turkish Empire. Cicero tells us that when he had to sing his palinode, he gnawed round the morsel he was forced to swallow as long as possible. Let us not be too long about our recantation. We made a mistake in substituting Europe for Russia as the protector of Armenia in 1878. It was an error, because Russia could do the work, and Europe apparently cannot. Though Russia has no particular interest in the Armenians, for they are not of her Church, if she is still willing to step in and protect them, it comes very near blood-guiltiness on our part to oppose her on nothing better than a diplomatic tradition.

NICHOLAS I. AND II.

THE Tsar and his wife and infant daughter are at Balmoral, but they enjoy a seclusion there which could hardly be excelled in the most sternly guarded of their rural refuges at home. A few Scotch people caught flying glimpses of the party from under their umbrellas, as it hurried from Leith to the Highlands. A few Englishmen may enjoy the same privilege at Portsmouth a week hence; but to the nation at large the Imperial visit is in the nature of an abstraction. The last visit of a Tsar, that of Alexander II. in 1874, although it was made the occasion of befitting pageants and ceremonies, seems to be almost forgotten in London. Scarcely a reference is made to it in the Press to-day, and in most of the handbooks of recent European history it is passed over altogether. It is to the famous descent upon our shores of Nicholas I., thirty years before, that people intent upon comparisons turn instead. The differences suggested by the comparison are, indeed, interesting and curious.

It was the characteristic foible of the first Nicholas to invest his movements, both at home and abroad, with a fine air of peremptory unexpectedness. The English Court, for example, only learned on 30 May, 1844, that the Tsar was to land at Dover on 1 June. Up to that moment it had been understood that he was not coming until the following year, and the wild flurry of preparation which filled the ensuing forty-eight hours at Buckingham Palace and Windsor was only matched by the popular excitement which the sudden news created. No other sovereign in Europe possessed a tithe of the personal prestige which surrounded the figure of Nicholas throughout Christendom, in those days of his prime. He was the most magnificent animal, the most stupendous autocrat, the most fantastic and extraordinary human compound altogether, that people could imagine to themselves. It quite fitted British notions of him that he should bounce into England on two days' notice, and that being here he should proclaim, so to speak, from the housetops what it was that had brought him. He made indeed no secret of his errand. To the young Queen, the Prince Consort, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and the rest he declared frankly his desire to form an Anglo-Russian combination against France. The popular feeling of France, as expressed by the papers and the Opposition in the Chamber, was at that time violently anti-English, and the Tsar had leaped to the conclusion that England would be affected by the fact. To his surprise, he discovered that the British public were quite indifferent to the storms of abuse which whistled across the Channel, and that the English Court was rather more intent upon preserving peace with France than on any other object under the sun. He found himself, indeed, confronted by that stoutest of all barriers, a family dynastic arrangement. Our good Queen, who though already the mother of two children, was but twenty-five years of age, placed in those days the most profound reliance in the wisdom of her uncle, the first King of the Belgians. This astute personage had not only a niece on the English throne, but a father-in-law on the French throne. King Leopold was the link which bound together the Courts of London and Paris in a common interest. That interest, as Prince Albert and Sir Robert Peel explained to the Tsar, was to secure and maintain the perpetuity of the Orleans dynasty in France.

The lapse of fifty years makes this all seem like a

fairly story. It is not France now, but England, which figures as the chief rival of Russia in the East. The blood-relationships of the English Royal Family are scattered now through three-fourths of the Courts of Europe, but the closer they are in degree, the less do they appeal to and influence English foreign policy. In the centre of Europe has risen a mighty military Empire, the very existence of which the first Nicholas never foresaw, and on the throne of this Empire sits the eldest grandson of the Queen of England, who yet is proud to be accounted the leading spirit in any hostile league against the English. The Ottoman Empire, which the first Nicholas described here in London, in 1844, as "The Dying Man," is still alive, and for the moment galvanized with a most malignant energy. Its protector in Europe now is that same Holy Russian Empire which under both Nicholas and his son squandered life and treasure in great crusades to drive Islam out of Europe.

But perhaps the most striking of all the changes is that which the high walls enclosing Balmoral decorously veil from public notice. The Tsar who visits us bears also, it is true, the name of Nicholas, but that very fact only heightens the effect of the contrast. Upon some aspects of this contrast it would be ungenerous to comment. It is not the fault of Nicholas II. that he is not the tallest soldier in Russia, and of such majestic and Olympian mien and such savage wilfulness of temper and resolve that people quail before his glance, and speculate in awe upon his freaks and whims. Nor can the Queen's young guests be blamed in any way for the sinister alteration which marks the daily life of a Tsar. The first Nicholas, though he moved boldly about in strange crowds with a leonine disdain of physical danger, was busily engaged all his life in sowing the wind from which his posterity were to reap the whirlwind. The spectacle of an armoured train traversing pacific and highly-civilized Scotland, through deserted and guarded stations, over viaducts and bridges policed as if they were jewellers' windows, is a strange and unpleasant one to a people whose Princes come and go in hansom-cabs. But it is merely the logical outcome of a system of which Nicholas II. is the victim, not the author.

We are concerned rather with the political contrast between 1844 and 1896. The first Nicholas was a Tsar. The foreign policy of Russia was his policy, and his alone. When he spoke, no one doubted that it was the voice of Russia. When he rang the historic bell to give orders for the Crimean War, both the impulse and the unlimited power to translate it into action were his. Can one dream that these things are to be said of the second Nicholas? It is not the autocratic master of millions of lives and minds and souls whom we think of as the guest at Balmoral, but the sad and anxious figure-head of a vast aggregation of forces, which are as little subject to his personal will as are the tides themselves.

AFTER DONGOLA.

THE capture of Dongola without the fighting of a decisive battle is, next to a check to our arms, the most unsatisfactory thing that could have happened in the Soudan. The hasty retreat of the Khalifa's generals from post after post without risking an engagement is, of course, good enough to set the evening papers talking about "glorious victories"; but it unfortunately leaves us no nearer a settlement of the Egyptian frontier than we were at Wady Halfa. At Omdurman the retirement will simply be represented as a politic piece of tactics to lure the invaders further into the desert to their own destruction, as Hicks was lured from Khartoum to El Obeid; and, although we at home know better, the Dervishes will probably believe the tale, and will stick to their leader as before. The occupation of Dongola, therefore, contributes by itself little or nothing towards that "smashing of the Mahdi" which Gordon insisted on as an absolute necessity if there was to be peace in Egypt; and that operation is as necessary now as it was in 1884. After the rise of the Nile and the surmounting by the gunboats of the long series of dangerous rapids between Wady Halfa and Hannek, there remained, as we have frequently pointed out, no possibility of serious resistance

anywhere on the river banks; but, if the Dervishes could have been tempted to make a real stand, or if their retreat had been cut off by a landing in force between Dongola and Debbeh, they might have received such a rough handling as would have rendered them incapable of further fighting, and would have led to a rising of the native tribes in their rear. As it is we are simply where we were in 1885 after the desert march and the battle of Abu Klea, victorious in the field, but with an army not yet thoroughly defeated in front of us.

There is, however, fortunately no fear that the blunder of 1885 will be repeated. The "Chamberlain limit" of dangerous resistance has not yet been reached—and, we may remark, will not be reached—on this side of Khartoum. No serious addition either to the expense or to the risk of the campaign is involved in pushing on from Dongola to Berber, and from Berber to Khartoum. One of Mr. Chamberlain's limits it will be remembered was dependent on the safety of communications, and that safety will be increased and not diminished by such an advance. When the turn of the Nile at Abu Hamed is reached, a second line of communication will be opened through a friendly country by Murat Wells to Korosko, and at Berber a hand can be stretched out to our Indian troops at Suakim. But if this is to be done well and at the minimum of expense to the Egyptian Treasury, it must be done quickly. Storms, floods, and pestilence have done their worst to General Kitchener's little force, but for the moment the forces of nature are on our side. The Nile is now and will remain for about three months passable for river steamers from Dongola to Khartoum. Twelve or thirteen weeks is not too long a time in which to cover the ground, making due allowance for blocks and mishaps by the way, and, as Sir Charles Wilson has been telling us in his paper at the British Association at Liverpool, if the opportunity is let slip, we shall have to wait for another year before the campaign can be resumed. Gordon was able to pass the Fifth and Sixth Cataracts in February 1884; but it is not safe to leave the passage till so late, as we might find our whole flotilla landlocked. And then we should expect shortly to hear of Major Dhanis and his Belgian force operating from the Welle. It would be safest for all parties if there were a few well-armed English steamers available on the White Nile by the time the Congo force reaches Lado.

But we know our old friends the pessimists too well to imagine that they will be comforted by thoughts of an easy conquest, or of a population liberated from a bloodthirsty tyranny. The Soudan is still to them the grave of armies, and a fatal drain on the resources of Egypt. It is probably useless to point out to them that Dongola and Berber were provinces overflowing with natural wealth sufficient to satisfy even the rapacity of Ismail's governors, and that in the last year before their abandonment they brought in a net surplus of nearly £E70,000, which would constitute a not unwelcome addition to the Cairo Treasury at present. Even with Suakim and Khartoum thrown in, there was still a surplus of over £E25,000. Sir Charles Wilson in his paper at Liverpool, to which we have already referred, stated that, with proper treatment, the province of Dongola might become as rich as the Delta; and even after the abomination of desolation has ravaged it for over ten years, destroying the crops and the water-wheels, the correspondents stand amazed at the fertility of the district. Further up, between the Blue and the White Nile, lies the province of Senaar, once known as the Granary of the Soudan, and still capable of producing unlimited supplies of grain and cotton. We have neglected our manifest opportunities in that quarter long enough, and the Dongola campaign is satisfactory only so far as it is an indication of the turning over of a new leaf. The restoration of order and civilization in the place of barbarism from Cairo to the lakes ought to be complete this winter, and then we shall for the first time see what the Nile Valley is capable of. With railways to the coast from Uganda and from Berber, and with some assurance that those who sow shall be able to reap their crops in peace and safety, a new era will indeed have dawned on the banks of the Father of Waters.

FREE TRADE IN CABS.

THERE is one branch of the Cab question with which the public have no concern. The terms on which the proprietor of a cab and horse lets them to the driver for the day is the business of those two parties, and of no one else. Whether the hire of an india-rubber-tyred, first-class hansom, with a change of horse in the middle of the day, should be ten, twelve, or fifteen shillings is entirely a matter for the contracting parties to settle between them by the ordinary higgling of the market. There is nothing to differentiate the dispute between the cab-owners and cab-drivers from any other Labour dispute. Eighteen months ago, when the quarrel reached an acute stage, Mr. Asquith, at that time Home Secretary, made an award—in other words, struck a tariff—which the drivers liked and the proprietors did not. As sometimes happens in the case of one-sided awards, the stronger party has ignored an unpalatable decision, and the cabbies now want to have the Asquith award enforced, which, of course, is impossible, and illustrates the futility of arbitration unless backed by legal coercion. But, we repeat, the price of cabs as between owner and hirer is not our affair.

What does concern the public is the supply of cabs at the metropolitan railway stations, both as to quality and quantity. We have a perfect right to interfere in the question of privilege, because both parties to the controversy are licensed servants of the public. The case of the railway companies is this. The stations, they say, are their private property, and they can, therefore, admit or exclude whom they please. They choose to admit a certain number of cabs, whose drivers pay a small daily rent or fee—it is only a few pence—for the easement, or privilege, as it is called, of entering the stations. The advantages of this system to the railway companies are said to be that the railway officials are able to make definite arrangements with certain cab-proprietors and cab-yards, and so are sure of a supply of cabs; that they can control the behaviour of the drivers; and that they derive an income from the fees. The last consideration is not, however, pressed much, as the railway companies are conscious of its weakness as an argument. Besides, the unprivileged cabs offer to pay to enter the stations, so the money question need not be dwelt on.

The case of the unprivileged cabs hardly requires exposition, for it is the case of all who are outside and want to get inside. This is just the time of the year when the system of protection, or selection, pinches the unprivileged most cruelly, for the railway stations absorb nearly all the cab traffic in August, September, and October. The cabby who has to crawl along deserted streets while his privileged brother is employed all day at Paddington or Waterloo remembers that he has paid the same money for his licence, and he doesn't see why he shouldn't have what Mr. Benjamin Kidd calls "equality of opportunity." What are the arguments of the companies in favour of the privilege system? Let us first test the assertion that by admitting only a limited number of selected cabs the companies are able to control the cabbies. If by this is meant that the companies prevent privileged cabbies from charging too much, or from being occasionally insolent, it is untrue, to the knowledge of every one. The only visible control which the railway officials exercise over the cabbies is to take down the address of the fare as the cab is leaving the station, with what object we have never been able to discover. But is it pretended that, if all cabs were admitted, the unselected driver would refuse to shout out his destination as he passed the man in the box? or is it feared that free-trade would end in a free fight between the drivers? There are some 15,000 cabs in London, of which about 1,500 are privileged to ply for hire in the stations. The police control the entire number in the streets with the greatest ease. It is really absurd to pretend that they cannot be kept in order within the precincts of a terminus. The London cab-drivers are a steady, orderly set of men, most of whom are past the fighting age. Besides, no one would object to the railway officials refusing to admit more cabs as soon as supply was adequate. It is the creation of a protected class that excites ill-feeling.

But if the regulation argument is ridiculous, let us examine the other, and more respectable, contention, that the privilege system enables the companies to arrange for a regular and adequate supply of cabs. It is a paradox to assert that the best means of supplying the public is to admit 10 per cent. and to exclude 90 per cent. of the licensed hackney carriages of London. It is a fact within the experience of us all that the supply of cabs at the termini, more particularly on a Sunday, does occasionally run short, and unprivileged cabs have to be called in from the streets. Moreover, this privileged tenth is composed of the very worst cabs, in point of horses and equipment, that are to be found in London, and for an obvious reason. The smart cabs will not give up their day to a railway station, though they are willing to wait, after depositing a parting traveller, for the next up train. Why should travellers be condemned to use badly horsed, damp, ramshackle growlers, and hansoms that would have no chance in the open competition of the streets?

The only solution of the question in the interests of the public is complete free-trade in cabs. As for the so-called proprietary rights of the railway companies, they deserve no consideration. The railways, like the cabs, are merely public carriers, running under statutory powers, and bound to consult the convenience of the public before all, in return for their Parliamentary concessions. A railway station is in reality a public place, from which the companies have no right to exclude any one, so long as he behaves himself, and is not there for a criminal purpose. The Home Secretary, therefore, or the President of the Board of Trade, who, we believe, controls the action of the railway companies, should address a communication to the traffic managers, directing them to admit all cabs to all their stations, without fee or favour. In no other way can the travelling public be properly supplied with cabs of the best quality, and the legitimate grievance of the drivers redressed.

GREAT BRITAIN, EUROPE, AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE Editor of the "Saturday Review" asked me to discuss briefly "the probable result of our intervention at Constantinople supposing Russia and France were opposed to us." Strategical opinions framed on the spur of the moment in times of excitement ought to be received with great caution, for in such times most men are prone to lose something of the balance of their judgment. It happens, however, that with regard to the questions upon which the present inquiry turns my conclusions were carefully worked out and their substance published long before the rise of the present agitation *à propos* of the Armenian troubles.

The object of intervention in Turkey, such as is suggested by the irresponsible leaders of the agitation in behalf of Armenia now in progress in England, would be, I presume, either to induce the Government of Turkey to do something which it otherwise would be unwilling to do or to overthrow that Government and substitute something else for it. In short, we are to attempt by force to compel the Turkish Government to obey our will. This is the most exact definition known of war. But *ex hypothesi* the Turkish Government is to have the support of Russia and France. In order then to secure our object, it would be necessary to break the resistance of these three Powers, and so to make it impracticable for them to continue their opposition to our will.

Great Britain's ultimate objective would lie somewhere in Turkey. If the attempt were made to depose the Sultan by force, the force used for that purpose must be applied at Constantinople. Constantinople is an unfortified town, unprotected against the projectiles of ironclads. Its defences are, on land, the lines of Tchataldja, crossing the peninsula between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, about thirty-five miles west of the Bosphorus. These lines or works, if fully garrisoned, for which about 75,000 men are required, form one of the strongest positions known. The defences of Constantinople against attack by sea are the fortifications of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. The Bosphorus is a strait 19 miles long, 730 yards across at the narrowest point, with abundant depth of

water, and a current of about four knots an hour running from the Black Sea southwards. The Dardanelles are about one hundred miles from Constantinople, forty miles long, nearly a mile across at the narrowest point, and have a current flowing towards the Ægean at the rate of about a mile and a half an hour. The Turkish forts on the northern half of the Bosphorus mount about five hundred guns; those on the southern half of the Dardanelles not less than six hundred. The Russian Government long ago considered a plan for the seizure of Constantinople by a combined naval and military expedition acting by surprise. Two years ago a German naval officer, Captain Stenzel, discussed this problem in an essay, in which he gave reason for thinking that the operation was practicable, even if no other forces were available than the Russian Black Sea fleet, the transport available at Russian Black Sea ports and the two divisions of troops stationed at Odessa and Sebastopol. One of these divisions would land between the lines of Tchataldja and the Bosphorus, and one brigade of the other division on the Asiatic shore north of the Bosphorus, and these troops would attack the forts from the land side, while the ironclads, aided by the current, would run past the forts in about twenty minutes. Some of the ironclads and the remaining brigade of troops would go straight on to the Dardanelles, where the forts were to be taken by land attack facilitated by surprise. Captain Stenzel attached the greatest importance to the prompt occupation of the Dardanelles as the only means of preventing the appearance in the Sea of Marmora of a British fleet which might have frustrated the whole enterprise. Under present conditions the Russians would be the allies of the Turks. Great Britain has no military force at hand which could land and take the forts on the Dardanelles. A portion of her fleet might with considerable risk and probable loss run past these forts and reach Constantinople, but without a strong body of troops no effect could be produced except the same kind of destruction and disorder as was brought about on a small scale under similar circumstances by the bombardment of Alexandria.

But no operation of any kind against Constantinople can be considered, except as an act of lunacy, apart from the general context or tenor of the war. It cannot be too often repeated that any war between Great Britain and the Powers that have been named is a naval war; that the first object in a naval war is to obtain the command of the sea—that is, in plain English, to destroy or to cripple the hostile fleets—and that no ulterior object, such as in this case, the operation at Constantinople or any other operation for the constraint of Turkey, can safely be undertaken until the command of the sea has been won. The Turks, therefore, would in practice have to be let alone until the conclusion of the naval war. What, then, would be the character of the naval war? Nearly two years ago, in an essay entitled "The Command of the Sea," I examined the conditions of a possible war with France alone and showed that, though to begin such a war without being able to hold the command of the sea from its very beginning would entail very serious consequences, both for our Empire and for our trade, the proportion of force between the two navies at that time did not admit of the naval policy which used to be known as that of blockade, and which I preferred to describe as that of "shadowing" the enemy's fleets. The proportion of force required for the successful adoption of the "shadowing" policy must be taken, according to the figures laid down by three British admirals in 1888, to be between four and five to three as between the shadowing and the shadowed squadrons, together with a reserve squadron for the shadowing side. It is usually understood that the French coastguard ironclads must be reckoned as forming part of the shadowed squadrons, whereas British coastguard ironclads are not available for use in the shadowing squadrons. The proportion of force between the two navies does not, in 1896, appear to justify the expectation that the shadowing policy could be effectively carried out. According to the table given in the French "Aide-mémoire de l'officier de Marine, 1896," there are nineteen French ironclads and eleven coast defence ships to be dealt with, making a total of thirty. This would require on the British side, for

shadowing squadrons *plus* reserve squadron, a total of fifty sea-going battleships, whereas, according to the table, there are only thirty-four. The Austrian table would give us thirty-eight against thirty, which is still insufficient. Brassey's table, if I read it rightly, would give us at present forty-five against thirty-nine, and at some future date fifty-two against forty-seven. I therefore still hold, as I held in 1894, not that in a single-handed war France would have any reasonable chance of defeating the British navy, but that in the conflict for the command of the sea Great Britain would be hampered by very great difficulties in the protection of her trade, and by very great embarrassments in maintaining the communications between the different portions of her Empire. For that reason I regarded as extremely hazardous any policy that would bring about a war in which France would have the assistance of another naval Power, and thought that no Cabinet ought to venture to send a British squadron into the Sea of Marmora, or even to Besika Bay, for action hostile to Russia, so long as the French navy was a probable enemy and undefeated, and so long as England was without allies.

My conception of the object of a British national policy is that its first aim, apart from the very obvious and elementary duty of maintaining the British Empire, is to obtain a satisfactory solution of the Eastern Question, or, in other words, to establish a civilized European Government in place of the Turkish Empire. The enormous preponderance in Europe which Russia would secure if she obtained possession of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, makes it impossible to contemplate with satisfaction a solution of the problem in the Russian interest, but any other solution is attainable only in opposition to Russia. The anti-Russian solution could be effected by the joint action of Great Britain, Germany, Austria, and Italy, and in no other way. The English agitators have rendered such joint action impracticable without having suggested any intelligible means of attaining any definite object. Those who are contemplating war against Turkey, Russia, and France seem to forget that when war has once been begun it cannot be ended at the good pleasure of one side alone. If the British arms were not uninterruptedly successful, the Powers opposed to us might refuse to make peace except upon terms involving the dismemberment of the Empire. Yet some of our countrymen would hurry us into action, of which the consequences would in any case be disastrous, and which would involve staking our Empire and our national independence upon a war for which we are unprepared, without being able to show rational ground for believing that such a course would secure any specific benefit to the unfortunate Armenians whose cause they profess to have so much at heart.

SPENSER WILKINSON.

OUR FLOURISHING GLASS INDUSTRY.

IN the light of recent criticism this is the only possible heading. I have written in other terms concerning the present state of some of England's manufactures, but the young men who look after the Economics department of certain London and provincial newspapers have accused me in consequence of wickedly perverting the truth as it is in Richard Cobden, and have demonstrated to their own complete satisfaction the eternal prosperity of this country's manufactures. So we will examine into the flourishing condition of our glass-blower's trade.

When we went to school our pastors and masters never wearied of telling us that glass-blowing was one of the industries which contributed to England's greatness. And in truth there was something to be said for the pedagogic chuckling. The industry a generation since had attained to most respectable proportions, and English-blown glass reflected not only the rays of England's watery sun, but gave back dazzling gleams of light all over the world. This description is only true at the present day in a much lessened degree. Not because glass has at all ceased to be the accepted medium for letting in the light and shutting out the air; on the contrary, glass is in greater demand to-day than ever before; and bar-parlours, a few years since reticent in the matter of such physical attractions, are

to-day luxuriant dreams of spangled compartments and flower-adorned mirrors. Yet the English manufacture languishes, and the cause (as I shall show by statistical evidence) is obviously the successful rivalry of the foreigner.

English glass-blowers seem to have been handicapped from the first. When the order was given for the windows to be put into Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick, in 1447, it was stipulated in the specification (or whatever was the mediæval term) that there should be used "no glasse of England." But, in spite of local discouragement, the English glass-blower held his way, and in time received honour and profit in his own country. Favoured by the teaching of Venetian workmen, Englishmen learned to produce mirrors and other articles of glass worthy to compare with those made in Venice. They became equal to supplying the wants of their own countrymen and most of the world beside: the dusky beauties of Africa gazed on their charms in English-made looking-glasses, and the hardy backwoodsman got drunk out of English-made tumblers. The industry reached its zenith in the early 'Seventies; '73 was the biggest year; but, as my German statistics only go back to '74, I will take that year for the purposes of comparison. Glass-blowing is an old-established industry in Germany as well as in this country; indeed, it enjoyed a fame when the English industry was of no account; but in more modern times it was outstripped by that of its neighbour. In 1874 Germany's glass exports reached a total value of about £875,000; England's in that year were worth £1,183,515. Ten years later England had lost her lead, and Germany was further in front of England than in 1874 she was behind. For in '84 her exports were worth £1,770,550; England's only reached £1,251,769. But that was comparative prosperity for us, in the light of later years. A decade later saw the relative position thus:—German exports worth £2,163,750; English, £715,398. So, comparing 1894 with 1874, we find England's supremacy shamefully lost, her exports having fallen off £468,117—that is to say, by considerably more than a third in value; while Germany's increased nearly £1,300,000—that is, had multiplied by two and a half in the same period.

This is the unvarnished statement of the case, as plain as figures can make it. But experience teaches that, plain and emphatic though it be, it will hardly be accepted in certain quarters: the fruitful optimism of the professional Free-trader will probably get to work even on it, for his confidence is not easily abashed. His first dodge, when confronted with facts such as this, is to cavil at the selected dates; but he will find it hard to convince his readers that the Machiavellian artfulness which, as we know, is the distinguishing note of Fair-trade alarmists, has had much play in the tabulation of consecutive periods of ten years each. Foiled here, he will trot forth his trade-depression argument. And that won't help him much. In some departments of British industry, such as plate-glass making, the decline and fall was well under way or ever the depression of the early 'Nineties arrived. Worse: all through that period the Germans were blowing with ever-increasing force. Another point remains to the optimistic critic: after the depression passed away the English trade improved. It did; but the German made still bigger strides. The English export was £789,708 in 1895—an increase of £74,310 over 1894; but the German export was £2,338,350 in 1895—an increase of £174,600 over 1894. Thus in the year of expansion our rivals not only succeeded in putting £101,290 on to the distance which they were already ahead of us; they had a relatively greater increase than ours, as well as an actual. This fact may be recommended to the reflection of those journalistic experts in foreign trade who have recently been pointing the pen of scorn at the smallness of Germany's actual increases, compared with the largeness of her relative increases. "We have nothing to fear," ejaculate these sapient ones, "from Germany's increased exportation; their relative increases look alarming, because they have started from such small beginnings, but their actual increases are but trifling; therefore we may possess ourselves in peace." I will not pause here to discuss the futility of

this kind of argument. I will just ask these gentlemen how they fit it in with the above statistics respecting the glass trade. They might also like to explain where their great theory of Falling Prices comes in. They would doubtless trot it out (as they always do) were I quoting only the statistics of English decline, but (if there is anything in the argument) it only makes more glaring the fattened figures of our rivals in respect of the industry under discussion.

There is no getting away from the fact that Germany is beating us hand over hand in this glass manufacture. Nowhere are we holding our own. Certainly not at home. Combining (as is necessary) our glass imports from Germany, Holland and Belgium, we find an increase between 1891 and 1895 from £1,864,306 to £2,099,600. Conversely, a dip into our export returns tells the same story of English failure. I have been cursed extensively for picking and choosing among countries for illustrations of England's retrogression. On this occasion I will not expose myself to the charge. I am opening the book absolutely at random, and this is the result of my first three experiments. China exports of glass of all sorts, the produce and manufactures of the United Kingdom, valued at £8,030 in 1891 at £7,684 in 1895. Victoria, same class of exports, valued at £11,513 in 1891, at £8,550 in 1895. Burma, same exports, valued at £14,088 in 1891, at £10,791 in 1895. And if any one will point out a country in which England's glass exports have not dwindled, the information will be interesting.

The last argument of the optimists is that, after all, it doesn't matter much: it is but a question of transfer of industry. They speak of a change in industry as though it were as easy an affair as a City man's change of residence from Highgate to Peckham. To those who have made any study of what such a transfer means in the nation's social life this line of reasoning appears flippant to the point of inhumanity. Consider what the shutting down of a factory, or a reduction in the number of its hands, implies to those "hands." A complete view of the matter is only possible to a Charles Booth or a working-man's parson; but it is easy to get a glimpse sufficient to show the misery involved in Displacement. Men grown old at their craft cannot turn to other trades, even though those other trades had room for all and sundry who might wish to join their ranks. These men hang on in desperation, hoping for better times. They have their own occupation standing between them and the workhouse, or some form of worse-paid unskilled labour; and when that occupation is gone many mouths are unfed, and many little feet go unshod. Working-men cannot abandon their trade like an old glove, and pick up another equal means of subsistence. Here is a significant fact from recent official returns. The percentage of unemployed Union members in the English glass trades, in August last, was 13·5 per cent.; and in these days Union members have better chances of employment than non-Unionists. This is the practical comment on the export and import statistics. Doubtless if work does not improve, many of these men will drop one by one into other employments, making the pinch tighter in whatever industry they enter; and it is likely that the new work they will find to do will pay them as well as that from which they have been ousted? The percentage of unemployed would be higher than it is, had not previous lack of work already denuded the ranks; each man who fell out having done his bit towards accentuating the employment problem. On the other hand, if the English trade had prospered, as glass-making in general has prospered, not only would all these men have been in full work, there would also have been room for others now in enforced idleness, or semi-idleness, or working at mean, unskilled, underpaid trades. Make account also of the interim sufferings of the displaced and their families. Throw in the resulting bad business among the poor shopkeepers with whom poor people deal. And at the conclusion I think you will agree that the ruin of an industry is not a matter which an Englishman can treat as of no importance.

A word as to the causes of the misfortune. "There is not a single bottle-maker in this country who understands his business, or at any rate attends to it. These

bottles they get from Germany. There they give every attention to your orders and take any amount of trouble. Once they know what you want you can be sure about a constant quality. That is not the case in England." Such is the explanation given by an English manufacturing chemist, and it is an explanation which will be seized upon in certain quarters as adequate. That the explanation is founded on fact is, I fear, undeniable, and without a doubt a part of English glass manufacturers' misfortunes lie at their own doors: they have presumed overmuch on the strength of their position in the past. But it is easy to rate this cause too high, and to do so is grossly unfair to some manufacturers who are working their hardest to turn out goods which are at least equal to those made in Germany. I know of one English house which has spared no efforts (and their efforts have been crowned with success) to produce an article equal to the German product, which has almost entirely displaced the home-made equivalent in this country. There are no signs of lack of progressiveness here, and I do not suppose that this case is a solitary instance. Yet these manufacturers are suffering from the foreign pressure, and there must exist some other origin of English failure besides the lack of business capacity mourned by the manufacturing chemist. One might point out that English plate- and mirror-glass entering Germany has to pay a tariff duty of 12s. 2d. per gross cwt., which somewhat handicaps the English exporter, and gives substantial help to the German in his home market directly, and in neutral markets indirectly. One might also mention that foreign glass comes into the English markets free of duty. But soft! the "Chronicle" observes.

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

[We extremely regret to have been compelled again to postpone the conclusion of Lord Masham's article on Imperial Federation.—ED. S. R.]

OUR LADY OF "PARS."

IT might be argued that Miss Marie Corelli is not quite a fit topic for discussion in a literary journal. Time was when the lady came to us regularly, in all her radiance, and we waved her courteously aside. Now she comes to us no longer. She is even as a coy mountain, and we go not to her. Indeed, to review books that one cannot read were both foolish and unfair. At the same time, only the veriest pedant could pretend not to be interested in the existence of one whose books, more popular than any in the market, do both soothe our cotters' evenings and grace the bedside tables of our princes. "Who is Connie Gilchrist?" was well enough in the disingenuous atmosphere of a law court. But such trifling is not for us. We know who Marie Corelli is, and we are not ashamed of our knowledge.

She represents very perfectly a new and interesting type. She is the prime product of the "Democracy of Letters." We are not quite sure what those three words, dear to the "Daily Chronicle," exactly signify, but we take them as referring to certain new conditions imposed on literature by the spread of popular education. Formerly the illiterate could not read. But lately we (a national "we") have taught them to do so. In our simplicity, we had thought that English Literature would be enough for them to go on with, and with English Literature we stocked our public libraries. We were quite astonished when recent statistics showed us that the thing was a failure, for we had supposed that ability to spell out pages of type must surely create good taste. "What, then," we cried, "do the illiterate read?" Other statistics make answer. In the sale-lists of the booksellers we read the names of Hocking, Caine, Du Maurier, Maclaren, Crockett, and Corelli; after each name certain appalling numerals. As we read them, we bow our heads.

The owners of all these names are good types of the "Democracy of Letters," but none may be mentioned in the same breath as Miss Corelli. None of them, but she, has quite forsworn allegiance to the old oligarchy of criticism. They still like their books to be reviewed. Not so she! She knows that the public needs no exhortation to read her. But she knows, also, that great masses are fickle to their favourites. She knows

it to be essential that she should be always there, in person, before their eyes, whenever their eyes are not intent upon her printed pages. She rushes into their midst, a hunted thing, the uncowed quarry of Pressmen. She turns and faces her invisible pursuers. In wild accents she denounces them. With strong, small hands she rends them, and spurns them with an arched foot. Thus, and otherwise, does she keep her memory green. How crude, in comparison, are the other authors' bids for continued notoriety! Consider Mr. Hall Caine! He, foolish fellow, must needs fare over the ocean and stump the States, sit for his photograph and profane the pulpits. His facial resemblance to Shakespeare (or Mr. Swinburne, is it?) he cultivates with touching care, and there is not an interviewer but finds him chatty. Mr. Maclaren, we are not surprised to hear, is also bound for America, and we suppose that Mr. Crockett, too, not to be beaten, will soon take his little Sweetheart there. Now, we should have thought, seeing how very eulogistic and how very many are the reviews these gentlemen are fortunate enough to get, both here and in America, for their books, that the rôle of travelling cheap-jack was superfluous to their joyous being. We scarcely like to think of the fatigue and the expense that their ubiquity must entail. Of course, the Demagogues of Letters are the best judges of their own interests, but it were well perhaps if Mr. Hall Caine and his rivals would take a well-earned rest now and again. If they must rant in public, they really need not go so far afield. Hyde Park is open to them, and tubs are quite cheap.

Quick, feminine intuition has helped Miss Corelli to avoid the mistakes made by these male demagogues. With far less exertion she can accomplish quite as much as, and even more than, they. Her effects in public life are gained with an economy of means that is astounding in so prolific a writer. She does not get herself reviewed. She does not lecture. She has never been a minister of the Presbyterian Church. And yet she is the subject of more paragraphs than any other living writer. By one simple and superb stroke of business she did more to advertise her books than she could have done by the diffusion of thousands of copies "for review." What man, woman, or child does not know that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (future President, no doubt, of the Republic of Letters) "anticipated reading" one of Miss Corelli's books "with great pleasure"? When poor Mr. Caine and his kind are not on the stump, their houses are positively infested with interviewers. "My door," says Miss Corelli, in a letter to the "Westminster Gazette," "is rigorously closed to the paragraphist and the interviewer." A few words of scorn, hissed through the keyhole, are as much as these men are to expect. The very privacy of Miss Corelli's home becomes better copy than all the well-known details of Mr. Crockett's den. Mr. Crockett may perspire through all Scotland on his machine, and yet cause no more paragraphs than the young authoress who does "NOT ride a bicycle" and has "NOT invented a bicycle costume." In the infinite publicity of her seclusion, the very negativeness of Miss Corelli's tastes becomes stimulating to the world. She does "NOT shoot," nor has she "rented Killiecrankie Cottage for the 'shooting,' as there is none to speak of. It is a beautiful and idyllic little place, with exquisite grounds in which to rest or ramble, and where the birds have so little cause to be alarmed that the very robins fly in and out of the windows to be fed from my hand." Robins flying in and out of the windows and journalists battering vainly at the doors! What a lesson to the other Demagogues! We expect daily to hear from them that "they have NO robins flying in and out of their windows." Indeed, we would recommend those gentlemen to adopt the negative form of advertisement suggested by Miss Corelli. It has infinite possibilities. Moreover, it would save them some trouble.

Miss Corelli concludes her letter to the "Westminster" with the usual hit at her critics and with another at Mr. Max Beerbohm, who, also intent on advertisement, replied to her in the next issue. So is the ball kept rolling. Meanwhile, Miss Corelli is "still misguided enough to prefer 'Poet's Ideals' to blatant feminine vulgarities." And so are we.

THE ADVANTAGE OF SCIENCE.

TO the severe intelligence of ancient Greece it appeared unnecessary, unseemly almost, to plead that the pursuit of knowledge brought advantage to mankind. England still finds the most appropriate mouthpiece in Bacon, her favourite philosopher, and demands that the trees of her rearing should have a market value. She recognizes that great sums are spent annually upon science, and she looks to the British Association for an account of value received, as the subscribers await an annual report from a charity. So much money given, so many souls saved, so many bodies relieved. This year, in the address of Sir Joseph Lister, she had a return of unusual value. Science, it seems, has been busy not merely with the advancement of thought, the invention of new industries, the amelioration of sanitary conditions affecting the crowded masses, but with things that, if the need arise, may prolong the life or assuage the pain of even the heaviest subscriber, the most substantial citizen. It is satisfactory and charitable to maintain agencies capable of showing water companies how to purify the supply of the slums; and electric light, although extremely unbecoming, no doubt is more luminous than wax candles. But, by an inscrutable decree of Providence, the rich man's bones are as brittle as those of the pauper, and a countess, they say, has even an undue share in the curse of Eve. For all which reasons, the annual apology of science, as set forth by Sir Joseph Lister in his Presidential Address, is very gratifying to kings and commons.

In no period of the whole past history of the race have results been obtained comparable with the advantages science has bestowed upon medicine in the last fifty years. A distinguished surgeon like the President—one old in years who remembers the old way and who has been a pioneer in the new way—was eminently fitted to impress the public with the immense importance of the changes. It is unnecessary that we should retell the story of his address, paraphrasing and condensing his eloquent words. But one aspect of the half-century's progress, although implicit in his address, may well be dinned in the ears of a utilitarian age. The greatest practical fruits of science, her most comforting gifts to man, have come from her most abstract side, have followed from the investigations of those who were thinking most of knowledge and least of advantage. No doubt physicians and surgeons, struggling in the wards of hospitals for the lives of suffering man, have made the practical applications; but they have drawn their inspiration and their methods from pure philosophers, from men wringing knowledge from Nature for the pure sake of knowledge.

Years ago, Crookes, working at the obscurest side of electricity, discovered some peculiar effects of a current passing through an atmosphere of extreme tenuity. It was a curious discovery, interesting only to the specialist, and Crookes's tubes for long were known only in laboratories. In one of these, Roentgen, using them in the investigation of an equally "unpractical" side of science, discovered some of the properties of the rays that now bear his name. For the new kind of light there was a different scale of transparency, and living flesh and bones were striking examples of the altered relations. Here the practical men came in, and surgery, reaping where it had not sown, added another to its triumphs against disease. The discovery is only a few months old, and already, as Sir Joseph Lister showed, every large hospital employs the new method, and hundreds of patients have been treated more swiftly and successfully.

More than fifty years ago chloroform and ether were made by chemists, as hundreds of artificial products are made every year. They were the result of curious inquiries into the secret nature of things, into the subtle affinities and distastes of chemical bodies. Their influence upon the human body was only one among their many properties, attracting special attention because even philosophic chemists are men. Again, surgeons and physicians seized hold of the hint, and we all know, although none so well as those who remember the operations of sixty years ago, how they have made tolerable even the grim accident-wards of a hospital.

Pasteur began by chemical investigation, and it was his study of the angles and facets of microscopic crystals that led him to lay the foundation of two of the most utilitarian sides of modern science. From the conception he gained of the structure of organic salts many of the greatest triumphs of synthetic chemistry have come, and innumerable new substances of commercial value and medical use have been prepared. His studies of fermentation and of the life-history of the humblest micro-organisms suggested the relations between putrefaction and microbes. Starting from this knowledge, and combining with it the properties of carbolic acid, then a "chemical toy," Sir Joseph Lister himself created modern antiseptic surgery, the only advance which can be compared in practical utility with the gain coming from anaesthetics.

The Russian Metchnikoff was a pure biologist working at the abstract problems of life with no utilitarian object. And it was he who discovered the part played by the white corpuscles of the blood, how they act as the policemen of the body, arresting and incarcerating all undesirable intruders. It would be impossible now even to hint at the advantages to come from this discovery. It has led to a revolution in the physiological conceptions of disease and of the application of remedies.

These instances should be more than enough to impress our point, to drive home the moral that lay behind every sentence of Sir Joseph Lister's address. There are two great sides of science, the fostering of which is equally imperative. One side is represented by practical men; by surgeons and physicians, by engineers, manufacturers, inventors, and so forth. It is theirs to watch every new development of abstract science, and, knowing the practical needs of humanity, to see that all the results of thought pay what toll they can to the service of man. This side of science requires little extrinsic encouragement; offering, as it does, immediate advantage to man, it will always obtain immediate and deserved reward. But the other side of science is in another case. No doubt the investigator, from whose work a practical result is drawn, immediately gets fame, and, sometimes, money. No work, however, in pure science is absolutely original: every advance is linked to a long chain of previous advances. Behind the Roentgens and the Pastors is a long line of researchers unknown to fame, perhaps equally capable, certainly equally necessary. It is these that need support and encouragement, and it is these that England is most apt to neglect. We do not say that men are to be judged by their aspirations, and every would-be Newton is to be maintained at the expense of a prospectively grateful nation. There are ways of estimating men apart from the practical advantages of their work; and there are few cases in which theoretical philosophers do not gain the esteem of experts. But England is the most niggardly of European nations in the endowment of theoretical science, and precisely in the proportion that theoretical science—knowledge for its own sake—is cherished, will results be prepared for the application of practical men. In these days of international science the isolation of England is less noticeable, because the practical men of England make use of knowledge imported from France and Germany and Russia. But England should not be a beggar at the doors of more generous nations, and very slight knowledge of the scientific institutions of the Continent, compared with those of our own country, will convince the most insular that such is our present position. As Professor Ramsay has urged, in our own columns and at the British Association, it is the most abstract side of science, pure research as opposed to technical instruction, that needs most encouragement, and that has least in England.

THE "INVECTIVES" OF VERLAINE.

ONE has often wondered whether it might not be possible, even now, even in English or French, to write our hates, as we write our loves, in verse. If life is still "worthy of the Muse," and if all life waits for our choice, asking only that she be taken at the vivid moment of an emotion, is there any reason why we should limit ourselves more than Catullus, and not, if

we can, write a "Caeli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa," as well as a "Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus"? Is there, indeed, any reason why we should not, with Martial, find a subject in every ennui of the day, every imbecility of the age? The romantic movement in modern poetry has, after all, extended our choice of subject in one direction only to limit it in another. We are afraid of any mood which is not a little vague, or coloured, or diaphanous. We desire to be in a world of dreams, the twilight of the Celt, or, if you will, "l'après-midi d'un faune." Meanwhile, life passes us by; and it is we who lose.

And now, strangely enough, it is Verlaine, who had brought in the "verbe Watteau," and all the rose-leaf elegances of its train, who brings us (it is true, from beyond the grave) a book of "Invectives," in which women, editors, critics, priests, doctors, magistrates, and policemen are abused with something more than poetical license. This is how the writer of that earlier "Art Poétique"—"C'est la nuance, la nuance encor"—now writes "L'Art Poétique *ad hoc*":—

Je fais ces vers comme l'on marche devant soi
— Sans musser, sans flâner, sans se distraire aux choses

De la route, ombres ou soleils, chardons ou roses—
Vers un but bien précis, sachant au mieux pourquoi!

J'adore, autrement, certain vague, non à l'âme,
Bone Deus! mais dans les mots, et je l'ai dit—
Et je ne suis pas ennemi d'un tout petit
Brin de fleurette autour du style ou de la femme.

Pourtant,—et c'est ici le cas—j'ai mes instants
Pratiques, sérieux si préférez, où l'ire,
Juste au fond, dans le fond injuste en tel cas pire,
Sort de moi pour un grand festin à belles dents.

And it is this banquet of abuse which he heaps up before us, attacking it greedily, as he says, and with his fingers. There are many fine things in the book, but, unfortunately for its art, Verlaine was not a good hater. You realize, often, that he is very angry; but you realize also that it is the anger of a very good-tempered man. For the most part it is just sincere enough to spoil the impartiality of a merely literary animus; it is not sufficiently profound to make up in conviction for what it loses in intemperance. To say

Tu m'as insulté, toi! du haut de ton tréteau,
Grossier, trivial, rustre!

is to state a fact, without even emphasis. To address M. Edouard Rod as he is addressed in the seventh of the seventy-one poems is to be emphatic, indeed, but to be emphatic with only the violence and none of the point of emphasis. The pot-house language which we find in all parts of the book is not worse than the pot-house language which we find in our classics. But while there it is a means to an end, here it is the end as well as the means. There are exceptions, and notable ones. "Littérature," "Buste pour Mairies," "Statue pour Tombeau," "Ecrit pendant le Siège de Paris," the two "Souvenirs de Prison," and perhaps above all, "Déception," are fine among Verlaine's fine things: they have indignation, a note of humanity, a fierce irony. Here is the "Statue pour Tombeau":—

"La Gueule parle: 'L'or, et puis encore l'or,
Toujours l'or et la viande, et les vins, et la viande,
Et l'or pour les vins fins et la viande, on demande
Un trou sans fond pour l'or toujours et l'or encor!'"

"La Panse dit: 'A moi la chute du trésor!
La viande, et les vins fins, et l'or, toute provende,
A moi! Dégringolez dans l'outre toute grande
Ouvrte du seigneur Nabuchodonosor!'"

L'Œil est de pur cristal dans les suifs de la face:
Il brille, net et franc, près du vrai, rouge et faux,
Seule perfection parmi tous les défauts.

L'Ame attend vainement un remords efficace,
Et dans l'impénitence agonise de faim
Et de soif, et sanglote en pensant à la Fin."

For the sake of these poems, and some parts of others, the book is worth having, though its publication, especially at this particular moment, was a lamentable enough error. It can scarcely fail to damage Verlaine's reputation; and yet, to those who knew him, too literal an acceptance of these "Invectives" will seem an injustice. Treat them as a few oaths, a few coarse words,

that you have overheard: remember, as Villon asked of the men who were to live after him, "que tous les hommes n'ont pas bons sens assis"; and remember, if you like, and, if you like, put it to his credit, that Verlaine was not a good hater.

BLAMING THE BARD.

"Cymbeline." By Shakespeare. Lyceum Theatre, 22 September, 1896.

I CONFESS to a difficulty in feeling civilized just at present. Flying from the country, where the gentlemen of England are in an ecstasy of chicken-butcherer, I return to town to find the higher wits assembled at a play three hundred years old, in which the sensation scene exhibits a woman waking up to find her husband reposing gorily in her arms with his head cut off.

Pray understand, therefore, that I do not defend "Cymbeline." It is for the most part stagey trash of the lowest melodramatic order, in parts abominably written, throughout intellectually vulgar, and, judged in point of thought by modern intellectual standards, vulgar, foolish, offensive, indecent, and exasperating beyond all tolerance. There are moments when one asks despairingly why our stage should ever have been cursed with this "immortal" pilferer of other men's stories and ideas, with his monstrous rhetorical fustian, his unbearable platitudes, his pretentious reduction of the subtlest problems of life to commonplaces against which a Polytechnic debating club would revolt, his incredible unsuggestiveness, his sententious combination of ready reflection with complete intellectual sterility, and his consequent incapacity for getting out of the depth of even the most ignorant audience, except when he solemnly says something so transcendently platitudinous that his more humble-minded hearers cannot bring themselves to believe that so great a man really meant to talk like their grandmothers. With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his. The intensity of my impatience with him occasionally reaches such a pitch, that it would positively be a relief to me to dig him up and throw stones at him, knowing as I do how incapable he and his worshippers are of understanding any less obvious form of indignity. To read "Cymbeline" and to think of Goethe, of Wagner, of Ibsen, is, for me, to imperil the habit of studied moderation of statement which years of public responsibility as a journalist have made almost second nature in me.

But I am bound to add that I pity the man who cannot enjoy Shakespeare. He has outlasted thousands of abler thinkers, and will outlast a thousand more. His gift of telling a story (provided some one else told it to him first); his enormous power over language, as conspicuous in his senseless and silly abuse of it as in his miracles of expression; his humour; his sense of idiosyncratic character; and his prodigious fund of that vital energy which is, it seems, the true differentiating property behind the faculties, good, bad, or indifferent, of the man of genius, enable him to entertain us so effectively that the imaginary scenes and people he has created become more real to us than our actual life—at least, until our knowledge and grip of actual life begins to deepen and glow beyond the common. When I was twenty I knew everybody in Shakespeare, from Hamlet to Abhorson, much more intimately than I knew my living contemporaries; and to this day, if the name of Pistol or Polonius catches my eye in a newspaper, I turn to the passage with more curiosity than if the name were that of—but perhaps I had better not mention any one in particular.

How many new acquaintances, then, do you make in reading "Cymbeline," provided you have the patience to break your way into it through all the fustian, and are old enough to be free from the modern idea that Cymbeline must be the name of a cosmetic and Imogen of the latest scientific discovery in the nature of a hitherto unknown gas? Cymbeline is nothing; his queen nothing, though some attempt is made to justify her description as "a woman that bears all down

with her brain"; Posthumus, nothing—most fortunately, as otherwise he would be an unendurably contemptible hound; Belarius, nothing—at least, not after Kent in "King Lear" (just as the Queen is nothing after Lady Macbeth); Iachimo, not much—only a *diabolus ex machina* made plausible; and Pisanio, less than Iachimo. On the other hand, we have Cloten, the prince of numbskulls, whose part, indecencies and all, is a literary masterpiece from the first line to the last; the two princes—fine presentments of that impressive and generous myth, the noble savage; Caius Lucius, the Roman general, urbane among the barbarians; and, above all, Imogen. But do, please, remember that there are two Imogens. One is a solemn and elaborate example of what, in Shakespeare's opinion, a real lady ought to be. With this unspeakable person virtuous indignation is chronic. Her object in life is to vindicate her own propriety and to suspect everybody else's, especially her husband's. Like Lothaw in the jeweller's shop in Bret Harte's burlesque novel, she cannot be left alone with unconsidered trifles of portable silver without officiously assuring the proprietors that she has stolen naught, nor would not, though she had found gold strewed i' the floor. Her fertility and spontaneity in nasty ideas is not to be described: there is hardly a speech in her part that you can read without wincing. But this Imogen has another one tied to her with ropes of blank verse (which can fortunately be cut)—the Imogen of Shakespeare's genius, an enchanting person of the most delicate sensitiveness, full of sudden transitions from ecstasies of tenderness to transports of childish rage, and reckless of consequences in both, instantly hurt and instantly appeased, and of the highest breeding and courage. But for this Imogen, "Cymbeline" would stand about as much chance of being revived now as "Titus Andronicus."

The instinctive Imogen, like the real live part of the rest of the play, has to be disentangled from a mass of stuff which, though it might be recited with effect and appropriateness by young amateurs at a performance by the Elizabethan Stage Society, is absolutely unactable and unutterable in the modern theatre, where a direct illusion of reality is aimed at, and where the repugnance of the best actors to play false passages is practically insuperable. For the purposes of the Lyceum, therefore, "Cymbeline" had to be cut, and cut liberally. Not that there was any reason to apprehend that the manager would flinch from the operation: quite the contrary. In a true republic of art Sir Henry Irving would ere this have expiated his acting versions on the scaffold. He does not merely cut plays: he disembowels them. In "Cymbeline" he has quite surpassed himself by extirpating the antiphonal third verse of the famous dirge. A man who would do that would do anything—cut the coda out of the first movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, or shorten one of Velasquez's Philips into a kitcat to make it fit over his drawing-room mantelpiece. The grotesque character tracery of Cloten's lines, which is surely not beyond the appreciation of an age educated by Stevenson, is defaced with Cromwellian ruthlessness; and the patriotic scene, with the Queen's great speech about the natural bravery of our isle, magnificent in its Walkürenritt swing, is shorn away, though it might easily have been introduced in the Garden scene. And yet, long screeds of rubbish about "slander, whose edge is sharper than the sword," and so on, are preserved with superstitious veneration.

This curious want of connoisseurship in literature would disable Sir Henry Irving seriously if he were an interpretative actor. But it is, happily, the fault of a great quality—the creative quality. A prodigious deal of nonsense has been written about Sir Henry Irving's conception of this, that, and the other Shakespearean character. The truth is that he has never in his life conceived or interpreted the characters of any author except himself. He is really as incapable of acting another man's play as Wagner was of setting another man's libretto; and he should, like Wagner, have written his plays for himself. But as he did not find himself out until it was too late for him to learn that supplementary trade, he was compelled to use other men's plays as the framework for his own creations. His first great success in this sort of adaptation was

with the "Merchant of Venice." There was no question then of a bad Shylock or a good Shylock: he was simply not Shylock at all; and when his own creation came into conflict with Shakespeare's, as it did quite openly in the Trial scene, he simply played in flat contradiction of the lines, and positively acted Shakespeare off the stage. This was an original policy, and an intensely interesting one from the critical point of view; but it was obvious that its difficulty must increase with the vividness and force of the dramatist's creation. Shakespeare at his highest pitch cannot be set aside by any mortal actor, however gifted; and when Sir Henry Irving tried to interpolate a most singular and fantastic notion of an old man between the lines of a fearfully mutilated acting version of "King Lear," he was smashed. On the other hand, in plays by persons of no importance, where the dramatist's part of the business is the merest trash, his creative activity is unhampered and uncontradicted; and the author's futility is the opportunity for the actor's masterpiece. Now I have already described Shakespeare's Iachimo as little better than any of the lay figures in "Cymbeline"—a mere *diabolus ex machina*. But Irving's Iachimo is a very different affair. It is a new and independent creation. I knew Shakespeare's play inside and out before last Tuesday; but this Iachimo was quite fresh and novel to me. I witnessed it with unqualified delight: it was no vulgar bagful of "points," but a true impersonation, unbroken in its life-current from end to end, varied on the surface with the finest comedy, and without a single lapse in the sustained beauty of its execution. It is only after such work that an artist can with perfect naturalness and dignity address himself to his audience as "their faithful and loving servant"; and I wish I could add that the audience had an equal right to offer him their applause as a worthy acknowledgment of his merit. But when a house distributes its officious first-night plaudits impartially between the fine artist and the blunderer who roars a few lines violently and rushes off the stage after compressing the entire art of How Not to Act into five intolerable minutes, it had better be told to reserve its impertinent and obstreperous demonstrations until it has learnt to bestow them with some sort of discrimination. Our first-night people mean well, and will, no doubt, accept my assurance that they are donkeys with all possible good humour; but they should remember that to applaud for the sake of applauding, as schoolboys will cheer for the sake of cheering, is to destroy our own power of complimenting those who, as the greatest among us, are the servants of all the rest.

Over the performances of the other gentlemen in the cast let me skate as lightly as possible. Mr. Norman Forbes's Cloten, though a fatuous idiot rather than the brawny "beefwitted" fool whom Shakespeare took from his own Ajax in "Troilus and Cressida," is effective and amusing, so that one feels acutely the mangling of his part, especially the cutting of that immortal musical criticism of his upon the serenade. Mr. Gordon Craig and Mr. Webster are desperate failures as the two noble savages. They are as spirited and picturesque as possible; but every pose, every flirt of their elfin locks, proclaims the wild freedom of Bedford Park. They recite the poor maimed dirge admirably, Mr. Craig being the more musical of the twain; and Mr. Webster's sword-and-cudgel fight with Cloten is very lively; but their utter deficiency in the grave, rather sombre, uncivilized primeval strength and Mohican dignity so finely suggested by Shakespeare, takes all the ballast out of the fourth act, and combines with the inappropriate prettiness and sunniness of the landscape scenery to most cruelly handicap Miss Ellen Terry in the crucial scene of her awakening by the side of the flower-decked corpse—a scene which, without every accessory to heighten its mystery, terror, and pathos, is utterly and heart-breakingly impossible for any actress, even if she were Duse, Ristori, Mrs. Siddons, and Miss Terry rolled into one. When I saw this gross and palpable oversight, and heard people talking about the Lyceum stage management as superb, I with difficulty restrained myself from tearing out my hair in handfuls and scattering it with imprecations to the four winds. That cave of the three mountaineers

wants nothing but a trellised porch, a bamboo bicycle, and a nice little bed of standard roses, to complete its absurdity.

With Mr. Frederic Robinson as Belarius, and Mr. Tyars as Pisanio, there is no reasonable fault to find, except that they might, perhaps, be a little brighter with advantage; and of the rest of their male colleagues I think I shall ask to be allowed to say nothing at all, even at the cost of omitting a tribute to Mr. Fuller Mellish's discreet impersonation of the harmless necessary Philario. There remains Miss Geneviève Ward, whose part, with the "Neptune's park" speech lopped off, was not worth her playing, and Miss Ellen Terry, who invariably fascinates me so much that I have not the smallest confidence in my own judgment respecting her. There was no Bedford Park about the effect she made as she stepped into the King's garden; still less any of the atmosphere of ancient Britain. At the first glance, we were in the Italian fifteenth century; and the house, unversed in the cinquecento, but dazzled all the same, proceeded to roar until it stopped from exhaustion. There is one scene in "Cymbeline," the one in which Imogen receives the summons to "that same blessed Milford," which might have been written for Miss Terry, so perfectly does its innocent rapture and frank gladness fit into her hand. Her repulse of Iachimo brought down the house as a matter of course, though I am convinced that the older Shakespearians present had a vague impression that it could not be properly done except by a stout, turnip-headed matron, with her black hair folded smoothly over her ears and secured in a classic bun. Miss Terry had evidently cut her own part; at all events the odious Mrs. Grundyish Imogen had been dissected out of it so skilfully that it went without a single jar. The circumstances under which she was asked to play the fourth act were, as I have explained, impossible. To wake up in the gloom amid the wolf and robber-haunted mountain gorges which formed the Welsh mountains of Shakespeare's imagination in the days before the Great Western existed is one thing; to wake up at about three on a nice Bank-holiday afternoon in a charming spot near the valley of the Wye is quite another. With all her force, Miss Terry gave us faithfully the whole process which Shakespeare has presented with such dramatic cunning—Imogen's bewilderment, between dream and waking, as to where she is; the vague discerning of some strange bedfellow there; the wondering examination of the flowers with which he is so oddly covered; the frightful discovery of blood on the flowers, with the hideous climax that the man is headless and that his clothes are her husband's; and it was all ruined by that blazing, idiotic, prosaic sunlight in which everything leapt to the eye at once, rendering the mystery and the slowly growing clearness of perception incredible and unintelligible, and spoiling a scene which, properly stage-managed, would have been a triumph of histrionic intelligence. Cannot somebody be hanged for this?—men perish every week for lesser crimes. What consolation is it to me that Miss Terry, playing with infinite charm and delicacy of appeal, made up her lost ground in other directions, and had more than as much success as the roaring gallery could feel the want of?

A musical accompaniment to the drama has been specially composed; and its numbers are set forth in the bill of the play, with the words "LOST PROPERTY" in conspicuous red capitals in the margin. Perhaps I can be of some use in restoring at least some of the articles to their rightful owner. The prelude to the fourth act belongs to Beethoven—first movement of the Seventh Symphony. The theme played by "the ingenious instrument" in the cave is Handel's, and is familiar to lovers of "Judas Maccabeus" as "O never bow we down to the rude stock or sculptured stone." J. F. R. will, I feel sure, be happy to carry the work of identification further if necessary.

Sir Henry Irving's next appearance will be on Bosworth Field. He was obviously astonished by the startling shout of approbation with which the announcement was received. We all have an old weakness for Richard. After that, "Madame Sans-Gêne," with Sardou's Napoleon.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

AGAIN the Bank rate has been advanced $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and it now stands, therefore, at 3 per cent.; but, unlike the last occasion when a change was made, the Stock Markets have remained calm, if not absolutely imperturbable. This, we need scarcely say, is entirely natural, and in accord with common sense. When prices fell away so sharply a short time ago, it was not due, as some thought, to an ordinary speculative collapse; but resulted almost entirely from the fact that the margin of profit between the rates paid for borrowed money and the yield upon first-class securities in which it had been temporarily invested, had disappeared. Hence the *saute qui peut* on the part of those who had been playing the game—a game which had only been rendered possible by a long period of abnormally cheap money. There is no reason, so far as we can see, to expect a further advance in the discount rate, and no one is likely to be hurt by a 3 per cent. quotation. In fact, a gradual advance to 5 per cent., if it were due, not to gold withdrawals or political apprehension, but to a steady improvement in trade, would rather be a cause for satisfaction than otherwise. Time was when Five per cent. was regarded as being inseparable from sound, active trade. And, indeed, looked at from any standpoint, it is much more healthy in every way that money should command a fair rate of interest than that it should be as cheap as in the past two and a half years. A Two per cent. Bank rate, with money worth less than half that figure in the open market, can only mean one of two things—viz. either that confidence is almost non-existent, and that lenders will only advance upon absolutely "gilt-edged" securities, or else that the supply of what may be termed reasonable securities is so far disproportionate to the demand that money is, as it is termed, "dirt cheap," and a vast amount of vicious speculation is forced and fostered as in a hot-bed. As we stand now speculators and investors may rest assured that they will sustain no harm or damage by a Three per cent. Bank rate.

The Stock Markets are dull in anticipation of the Settlement near at hand. It is not altogether easy to explain the present lack of vitality in the "House." The troubles in Turkey continue, of course, to exercise a gloomy influence; but the market which should be naturally most affected—namely, that for Foreign stocks—keeps fairly free from attaint. Home securities look rather dull; but "Yankees" have a better appearance, owing to the fact that every day seems to remove to a still greater distance the Bryanote chances of success. Except in the perfervid West, where to speak against silver and its apostle, the "Boy Orator," is next door to being shot at sight, the partisans of the "white metal" are losing ground. In other words, Mr. McKinley is an easy first. It is strange that in the Mining Market most depression is observable, especially in the West-ralian department, to which we refer at some length below. The phenomenon lacks an adequate cause, and we can only attribute it to the fact that the public have been for a long time past "had" very cheaply over a number of rotten concerns, exploited in the most unscrupulous way, and that now they are inclined either to shy or bolt whenever any well-known mine gives out or "weakens" temporarily. But this is to err from excess of caution; for, with some very rare exceptions, mining must always be a venture, fit only for the bold and adventurous.

Consols and most other first-class securities have declined to a lower level, but the market has kept fairly quiet. No more sensational movements in those securities which distil respectability at every pore need be expected; but for some time to come their tendency, we imagine, will be downwards. A limit however will be fixed to their fall by the perpetual disproportion between the increasing demand for such stocks and the lack of expansion in the supply. The most marked fall has been in the so-called "Heavies," among which, however, Great Westerns have been fairly well upheld,

thanks to an especially good traffic return. In other cases the weekly receipts were distinctly below their recent "form," the Southern companies suffering in particular, no doubt from the broken weather. Brighton "A," South-Eastern "A," and the two "Macs" have also been flat. Metropolitan Districts score an advance on balance, but those who keep on the "bear" tack may perhaps be in a position to indulge in the shouting.

American Rails have attracted a little more attention, owing to the declining fortunes of Mr. Bryan; but, at the same time, there is little real activity, nor can this be expected until trade improves and the traffic returns show better results. Especial strength has been displayed by some of what we may term "investment" shares—a small enough list in all conscience—such as Lake Shores, Pennsylvanias, &c. The first named are quite sound, but they are dear, the yield on the basis of the present 6 per cent. dividends working out at only 4 per cent. It is to be remembered, however, that for some years past the Company has probably earned at least 10 per cent., and that the large surplus of net revenue has been employed in what are termed "betterments," the result being that there is not at the present time a finer railway system in the United States than the Lake Shore. It is not inferior to the New York Central. Apropos of the "Central," it may be noted that the usual quarterly dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. has been declared, and it is not likely to be increased in the near future. Pennsylvania shares ("Penns"), which in one respect only resemble Readings in being \$50 each nominal and not \$100, have been decidedly firm, and they seem to us a fair investment. Canadian railway securities have been neglected, especially Trunks, which are practically extinct. Canadian Pacifics still remain in our favour.

The so-called "Foreign" Market has been quiet and uneventful. Secure within the ring fence formed, not by the Concert, but the inability of the Powers to come to any definite agreement, the Sultan continues to do as he likes; and, although in consequence Constantinople remains a centre of disturbance, the Continental Bourses look on with a somewhat disinterested air. The strength of Spanish Fours is simply remarkable; for the State is nearing bankruptcy, pawning, as it does day by day, its assets, in order to retain what has never been other than a source of loss—namely, Cuba, the Pearl of the Antilles, but a cancer to Spain. Italians keep fairly steady, and of them we now hold a good opinion. South American issues disclose no feature of importance. Argentine stocks are, it seems to us, quite high enough; but we warn all but speculative investors against investing in Uruguays, which always look cheap at something under 50 when they yield over 7 per cent. No change of importance has taken place in Foreign Railway securities.

The one feature in the Mining Market—a department which at present practically overshadows all others—has been the ragged appearance of Westralian shares. The collapse of the "True Blue" has undoubtedly had much the same effect as the unfortunate downfall of the Londonderry. It seems evident that we have not yet been able to equate Westralia as a goldfield. That it is rich, very rich in some ways, goes without saying; but it is also apparently very tricky, in the sense that no reliance can be placed upon the permanence of the lodes, even in the case of properties which seem to have been well proved. It offers a magnificent field for speculation, but hardly, it is to be feared, for sound investment. An excellent report has been issued by the West Australian Joint-Stock Trust Company, which is managed with consummate skill. At £4 the shares are a purchase, despite the weakness of the general market, which is not likely to endure for more than a very brief period. "Kaffirs" have been dull, and featureless. Prices in this quarter should advance, but they will not, although it is difficult to discern the cause of their obstinacy. Copper issues have not undergone any new development. We do not care for Anacondas, although a dividend will soon be announced.

Indian gold-mining shares are still good to salt down, but prices now are generally twice as high as when we first recommended them. There are drops of bitterness in the cup of even the true prophet. In the *olla podrida* of Miscellaneous Securities no "top note" is audible.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

ANOTHER EXPLORATION, &c. COMPANY.

It is to us a source of surprise that Sir Somers Vine, with his abounding energy and versatility, of which South Kensington affords such ample proof, should have been able for so long to remain outside the City with which at one time he used to be acquainted. For no one can say that finance in some of its most subtle phases could not be learned pretty thoroughly both at the Mansion House and at South Kensington. However, he has at last entered into the company-promoting sphere with the London and Colonial Exploration and Finance Company, Limited, which has a capital of £150,000, and of which one-third is to go to the vendors, who hand over in exchange a certain number of options, which may be worth something—or nothing. Fifty thousand shares, it appears, are to be reserved. We are unable to entertain a very high opinion of the Board, which in such a concern counts for nearly everything; while six brokers, all of which have to be paid fees, seem a superfluity of naughtiness. We have rarely read so weak a prospectus.

A DESIRABLE PROPERTY.

There is something absolutely charming in the bold assurance of the "Desirable Proprietary Gold Mines (W. A.), Limited." To start with, the capital of this desirable property has been fixed at no less than a quarter of a million, all of which, save a tithe (£25,000) goes to the vendors. Let us now see what the public, if they lack sense, will acquire in return for so huge a sum. It comprises eighty-four acres of auriferous land in West Australia, near Lake Cowan, together with a 10-stamp battery. Some development work appears to have been done, and the prospects would not be considered unsatisfactory with a capital of, say, £75,000 or £100,000. So far, however, only 317 tons of ore have been crushed, which yielded about 2½ oz. per ton—not such a big return in the circumstances—and the gross result may be stated at £2,400. Assume that two-thirds or three-fourths of this sum were net profit, throw in all the favourable reports by mining engineers—a class of the community which too often indulges in statements permeated by a degree of sanguine optimism that would be characterized by harsh terms if it emanated from any other source—serve up with a not very strong Board and the usual waiver clause, and is the result worth £225,000? The Company which asks boldly for this sum—a sum worthy of Baron Grant in his palmy days—seems to be the child of a so-called Lake Cowan Syndicate, Limited, an undertaking of which we should like to be better informed. It is eminently respectable, no doubt, but not very well known at present. It may achieve fame, however, judging from the character of the present prospectus.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

Bullock, Lade, & Co., Limited, is very Scotch; but it is not, of course, the worse on that account; and moreover, the public are not asked to take a big hand in the concern, although the total capital is no less than half a million. The Debentures, which amount to only £50,000, must be regarded as "gilt-edged," and it is therefore to the Preference shares offered to the public that we must pay attention. The interest upon these—15,000 £10 shares—requires £7,500 per annum, and the debenture interest amounts to the small sum of £2,000; while, on the other hand, the average net profits of the past three years, which are asserted to be the best ever experienced, amount to over £40,000 per annum. The cash obtained by the Debenture issue is to be left in the business as working capital; the assets are valued at well over a quarter of a million; and the book debts are guaranteed by the vendors, who take a large proportion of the purchase price in shares. We have the keenest desire to criticize this, as all other, new

ventures; but in this case it is difficult to detect a fault in the *bona fides* of the Company which the vendors have placed before the public. It seems to us that it is a sound industrial concern. The Preferred shares will probably command a premium, but it will not be very large, since the rate of interest is only 5 per cent., although the rights of the holders are both cumulative and preferential.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BEETROOT AND BOUNTIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 24 September, 1896.

SIR,—With a view to relieving the severe depression under which our sugar-growing possessions are now labouring, and to give an impetus to the thousand-and-one industries of this country whose interests are interwoven therewith, I venture to suggest the following: To remove the import duty at present levied on tea, coffee, and cocoa, and to raise instead a revenue equivalent to the amount derived therefrom, by the substitution of an import duty on all foreign-grown sugars entered for consumption in the United Kingdom. I contend that my suggestion is entirely within the scope of the resolution of the Board of Trade of Toronto, which was submitted at the recent meeting in London of the Chambers of Commerce; the essential condition of which was that Great Britain should consent to replace moderate duties upon certain articles of large production in the Colonies. These Mr. Chamberlain, in his speech at the opening of the Congress, understands would comprise corn, meat, wool, and sugar, and perhaps other articles of enormous consumption in this country which are at present largely produced in the Colonies, and which might be, under such an arrangement, wholly produced in the Colonies and wholly produced by British labour.

Of course it will be at once said by those who are wedded to free trade that my proposal is ridiculous in the extreme and perfectly impossible; but I think statistics show that by the present system of taxation we are, on the one hand, laying an onus on our Colonies by imposing an import duty on tea, coffee, and cocoa; and, on the other, allowing our sugar-producing Colonies to be steadily ruined by permitting bounty-fed foreign-grown sugar to come in free of all duty.

Tea, coffee, and cocoa, being of such universal consumption, should be considered now as "secondary necessities"; and there can be little or no doubt that the time has long passed for rating them as luxuries, and as such heavily taxing them. The Customs returns show that in 1894 the total amount of tea entered for home consumption in the United Kingdom was 214,340,763 lbs., and that the duty of 4d. per pound produced a revenue of £3,572,346. It will be, I think, a matter of great satisfaction indeed to those who take a sincere and deep interest in the development of trade between the Mother Country and her Colonies to learn that no less than nearly 88 per cent. of the tea consumed in the United Kingdom was supplied by India and our Colonies, and that the value of this may be taken at £7,728,313. Of the coffee entered for home consumption, namely 237,191 cwt., which yielded a revenue of £166,094, it may be taken that nearly 27 per cent. was from British possessions. In 1894 the total amount of cocoa imported for home consumption was 22,441,058 lbs., the import duty on which of 1d. per lb. yielded a revenue of £93,505. In that year we exported of cocoa manufactured in the United Kingdom 2,447,500 lbs., valued at £129,179. As this contained many other ingredients besides that of raw cocoa, it is very difficult indeed to estimate what percentage would be cocoa, but I suppose that one is not far wrong in placing it at, say, one-half; consequently, taking this calculation to be correct, there remain 21,217,308 lbs. of raw cocoa for home consumption. It must not, however, be taken for granted that the whole of this would be utilized as a substitute for tea and coffee, for a large percentage of it would be consumed manufactured in the making of puddings and sweets, and as chocolats and bonbons; but what proportion these would represent it is impossible to

say. It may, I think, be fairly assumed that the quantity of raw cocoa used instead of tea and coffee in the United Kingdom amounts to 20,000,000 lbs. per annum. I estimate that of the total amount of cocoa imported for consumption into the United Kingdom, 9,807,615 lbs., valued at £310,262, were from the British possessions. Cocoa is one of the very few raw articles that are subject to an import duty, and when one considers the enormous amount that is consumed as a "secondary necessity," and not as a luxury, it does seem bad policy to tax this raw article—a raw article which cannot very well be utilized in the condition in which it is imported, but which must undergo manufacture before being fit for consumption. It must be borne in mind that the duty on raw cocoa is fixed, not *ad valorem*, but at 1d. per lb.; and, although the value has fallen very heavily indeed—as much as nearly 50 per cent. in the last few years—the duty remains the same, a system which cannot for a single minute be argued as fair to the producer. The total amount of sugar imported for the year in question was 28,250,796 cwt., valued at £19,172,064, of which only 3,286,903 cwt., valued at £2,073,613, was from our possessions. Of the total amount imported, no less than nearly 50 per cent. was from Germany. The total amount of sugar exported was 1,562,639 cwt. How much of this is foreign and how much British-possession grown is not shown separately in the Customs returns; but, as it was found that eight-ninths of the total imported in 1894 was foreign-grown, one can only assume, for argument sake, that one-ninth of the sugar exported was grown in our Colonies. Consequently the amount of foreign-grown sugar that remained for consumption in the United Kingdom may be taken at 23,574,880 cwt., valued at £16,134,431.

The total amount of revenue derived from the duties levied on tea, cocoa, and coffee in 1894 amounted to £3,832,028. Estimating the population of the United Kingdom, say, at 39,000,000, the consumption of tea, coffee, and cocoa together amounts to 6·7, or somewhat less than seven pounds per head. It is not an easy matter to calculate the amount of sugar used per head of population per annum for sweetening tea, coffee, and cocoa; but I believe that one is not far wrong in estimating that two pounds of sugar are consumed to every pound of these "secondary necessities." As the consumption of tea, coffee, and cocoa together amounted to, say, seven pounds per head of population in 1894, it would appear that one is justified in supposing that, say, 14 lbs. of sugar are used per head for this purpose.

The total quantity of sugar consumed in the United Kingdom may be taken at 26,958,157 cwt., or an average consumption of 77 lbs. per head per annum; consequently no less than 63 lbs. are used per head for other purposes than that of sweetening tea, cocoa and coffee. In other words, over four-fifths of the sugar consumed is used in connection with non-necessities. With regard to the purposes for which sugar is used, it must not be assumed that the whole of these 63 lbs. are actually consumed in the United Kingdom, for we do an enormous export trade in articles in the manufacture of which sugar is employed.

In order to carry out my suggestion, it would be necessary to levy an import duty of 3s. 3d. per cwt., or slightly over one-third of a penny per pound, on the foreign-grown sugar entered for consumption in the United Kingdom.

Why we should allow foreign-grown bounty-fed sugar to steadily ruin our sugar-producing Colonies, it is indeed hard to understand.—Yours faithfully,

DU ROI JE LE TIENS.

ARTISTIC METHODS AT MANCHESTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 PEMBROKE GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W.

22 September, 1896.

SIR,—The following correspondence may be of interest to your readers, as illustrating the artistic methods of Manchester:—

"To the Editor of the 'Manchester Guardian.'"

"I gather from correspondence in the 'Manchester Guardian' that dissatisfaction is widely expressed as to

the action of the Committee of the Art Gallery in rejecting works of Manchester artists in favour of outsiders. But, in my experience, its art standard is so high that it causes the rejection of 'specially invited' works by these very outsiders. On hearing that my picture was rejected I wrote to the Secretary, and was informed that my letter would be laid before the Committee, but I have not as yet received any further communication. I understand that in the process of a rapid development of a high standard, the gentlemen composing the Art Gallery Committee have been favoured with the invaluable assistance of Mr. C. E. Hallé, of whose competence to judge pictures on their technical merits the New Gallery affords numerous examples annually in his own work, the excellence of which would, of course, be acknowledged with acclamation by the most exacting body of painters, such, for instance, as the New English Art Club. But, putting aside the difficult question of artistic merit, surely, sir, taste in art should not in its newly acquired perfection be allowed to supersede entirely the older standard of taste in manners, which does not admit of great difference of opinion, and wherein bodies such as the Art Gallery Committee of Manchester would be on safer ground, I imagine. If the Committee desires to be overridden by an art gentleman from Regent Street, let it alter the wording of the 'Special Invitation,' and let it be understood that the artist will be required to *submit* his work for acceptance or rejection as the case may be: we shall then know where we are, and perhaps the arduous task of selection would in future exhibitions be sensibly diminished."

In a few days I received a courteous note from the Editor offering to insert a portion of my letter, whilst remarking that he "could not well admit the attack on Hallé." Perhaps the "Saturday Review" will have less reluctance in approaching this sacred ground.—I am, yours truly,

BERNHARD SICKERT.

CHEAP MICROSCOPES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 September, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—It seems I have been wrong all along, and if I was only a manufacturer with thirty-six years' experience I might have known that fully seven years ago there was an efficient London microscope to be got at less than five guineas. I am bound to take the word of Mr. Crouch for that, and gladly assume that the high power was a really serviceable sixth. Only being merely a possible purchaser, at the very centre of the market, I sought it unavailingly, and so did my students, until the German instrument came along. For all practical purposes, it did not exist. No doubt the British merchant is, with characteristic modesty, even now concealing from sale that cheap balance I asked for, and that intelligently arranged set of chemical apparatus. If so, and he is simply waiting for his would-be customers to find him out, he is even a worse business man than I gave him credit for.

Mr. Crouch may take my word for it that the student's microscope trade is an altogether different market from that which the splendid work of Carl Zeiss won for Germany. It was not "fashion," but necessity, drove English students to German makers. I doubt if the ordinary elementary science student who seeks a microscope has ever heard of Zeiss. But Mr. Crouch, being a British merchant, is scarcely to be taught by a mere consumer. No doubt he will rest satisfied with his own theory in spite of my assurance. "Gratuitous trumpetings" of German goods indeed! My article was an embittered lament.

When will our merchants and manufacturers learn the obvious lesson that the discovery of a customer's means and what he wants, and what he thinks he wants, and the conscientious satisfaction of these conditions, is of far more importance than even a couple of centuries of "experience" and old-fashioned "take it or leave it" routine? Mr. Crouch, still unaware that there are two points of view in every market, still satisfied that only the merchant can understand the trade, is evidently not grateful for my article—and so he proves my case against the British merchant in his own person up to the hilt.

H. G. WELLS.

"AN UNHAPPY POET."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 September, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—The writer of your article on Mr. Clement Scott as a poet and the author of that immortal line, "Bexhill-on-Sea is the haven for me,"

and your correspondent who last week seemed to take the article somewhat too seriously, seem alike to have missed the point. Surely Mr. Scott's dramatic criticisms and poetry are both mere incidents in his career. As a descriptive reporter we see him at his best. Who has not been thrilled by every detail of his account—written, as he says, "in the interests of science"—in a recent issue of the "Daily Telegraph" of the physical impressions exercised by the recent Paris cyclone on himself and Mrs. Scott? Who could fail to be awed by the air of dignity which pervades the article?

Only a few quotations are necessary for the purposes of my argument. We read:—"The night before the storm my wife and I, who were staying at the Hôtel de Bade, on the Boulevard des Italiens, visited the Ambigu Theatre, to see 'Les Deux Gosses.' The atmosphere was stifling. It was almost impossible to breathe. We both experienced a dead, dull depression on the brain, that can only be described as the symptoms of semi-inebriety. We had not dined before going to the theatre, but had arranged to sup afterwards, and sit out in the air as long as we could. The arrangement was futile. It was as much as we could do to crawl to bed."

"It's an ill cyclone that blows no one good," the proprietor of the Hôtel de Bade will, doubtless, have exclaimed when he read a translation of the passage which Mr. Scott doubtless sent him. That the gentleman and lady "had not dined" is not, strictly speaking, of public interest; but the explanation is probably given to show that the sensation of "semi-inebriety" was not the result of dining overmuch.

To continue. We read further on that:—"In the morning I found my wife seriously and alarmingly ill. Her lips and skin were burning. She could not swallow, and could scarcely articulate. The pupils of her eyes were dilated, the whites were veined, and almost jet black. She had every symptom of narcotic poisoning. At that time it required all my nerve and courage to induce her to try and pull herself together, and to prepare for a start home as quickly as possible. For hours I tried to give courage to my poor wife."

Readers of a certain Sunday paper are familiar with the journalist who makes "copy" out of his bulldog and his parlourmaid. Mr. Scott has "gone one better" in making it out of the wife of his bosom.

How Mr. Scott "literally rolled into the train," "bundled myself into a cab with one sentence on my lips, 'I must sleep,'" and "awoke with one boot on and one boot off," is depicted with that realistic force combined with the delicate handling of the subject such as Mr. Scott has, above all others, mastered. Writing on the Friday—there is an air of the daily bulletin about the whole article—the writer comforts us with the assurance that: "The intolerable pressure on the brain"—we have suspected this for some time—"is getting less acute"; and he pathetically asks towards the end of his article, "What has happened to us? Will scientists explain?"

Perhaps Mrs. Scott can offer an explanation. The proprietor or editor—if there is one—of the "Daily Telegraph" certainly ought to.—I am Sir, yours faithfully,

"AN ADMIRER OF DOMESTICITY."

PRICES OF BREAD AND WHEAT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, E.C., 15 August, 1896.

SIR,—In your "Notes" of this week you ask "Has bread fallen in the same proportion as wheat?" You say it has not, but ignore the cause. The cost of manufacturing the wheat into bread and selling the bread is quite 2d. per 4-lb. loaf, so that at 4d. per loaf this manufacturing cost is half the price of the bread, while at 8d. per loaf it is a quarter; hence the difference in the proportion of prices of wheat and bread of 1868 and 1896.—Yours faithfully,

F. B. HASLAM.

REVIEWS.

THE PARIS COMMUNE.

"The History of the Paris Commune of 1871." By Thomas March. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1896.

IT is strange that till this year there did not exist any English account of the Commune, save one or two diaries and short pamphlets published in 1871 and 1872, when the Siege of Paris was yet a thing of yesterday. In France a steady stream of literature on the subject has been issuing from the press for the last twenty years, and it was high time that some English author should digest for us the chaotic mass of official papers, apologies and vindications, partisan histories, and personal reminiscences which have accumulated since the last English publications dealing with the subject appeared.

Mr. March, therefore, deserves all gratitude for his praiseworthy attempt to give an impartial account of the civil strife of 1871. We do not think that his book says the last word on the topic, or that it will ever be quoted as a great literary achievement, or that it touches all the aspects of the struggle. But such a transparently honest piece of work deserves a word of acknowledgment, and the man who endeavours to fill a gap in the page of history should never receive hard treatment. The worst that we have to say of Mr. March is that he might have read a few more authorities before bringing out his book. The bibliography on pp. i and ii only names twenty-one authorities, some of them rather trifling productions. One might have expected to see among them Lissagaray's defence of the Commune, and the works and biography of Rossel, the young Captain of Engineers, who, as "Delegate of War," took such a prominent part in the defence of Paris. But Mr. March has read quite enough to enable him to give a clear and interesting, if not a very complete or philosophic, history of the Commune. His book sums up very fairly the views of the ordinary intelligent Englishman on the subject, which may not be very sympathetic or very deep, but have a good stratum of common sense at the bottom.

To put the matter in a nutshell, no Englishman can understand or approve the action of men who attempted a *coup d'état* such as that of 31 October, 1870, in a beleaguered city, or carried out a revolution like that of March 1871, when the enemy was in possession of one-third of France, and occupied half the forts of Paris. There was every cause for Frenchmen to feel sore and irritable in the spring of 1871. At the distance of twenty-five years Adolphe Thiers does not now appear a very commanding or magnificent figure, and many of his Ministers were worse than incompetent. The first outburst of Republicanism had brought the talkers rather than the workers to the front, and there were some men in office who were rightly enough suspected of being Republicans in name alone. But it is not the time to set such matters to rights when the enemy has not yet retired beyond the border, and when the national ransom has not even begun to be paid. It is this that made the madness of the Communists inexcusable; if they had waited till the Prussian bayonets were out of sight, their sins would have been comparatively venial. The proclamation of the Republic had not been a very orderly and constitutional business; if one group of young lawyers and journalists had been able to vote themselves into a Provisional Government, it was quite open to another and a "redder" group to try their luck at their own good time. But no good Frenchman could think that the time had come when the Prussians were still at St. Denis. It is only fair to remember that a considerable proportion of the Communist leaders were cosmopolitan revolutionaries. Poles and Italians could not see the full disgrace of civil war raised at such a moment. The "International" was at the bottom of the discontent of the artisans; ambitious foreign soldiers of fortune were almost the only trained military men of whom the movement could dispose. The officers of the old regular army who took the Communist side could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand.

If the rising of the Communists was inexcusable, the conduct of the Versailles Government, in face of the first riots, was contemptible. Mob violence should be put down at its first appearance, and there were plenty of troops in or near Paris who could have been trusted to act without hesitation. The regulars just returning from the German prisons were furious at the cheap accusations of treachery and cowardice which had been made against them by the Parisians, and would have shown no scruple in administering the needful "whiff of grapeshot." But, cowed by the disloyalty shown by the makeshift provisional battalions which had been garrisoning Paris during the siege, and had been infected by the popular leaven, the Government feared to strike. Hence came the failure to secure the Montmartre cannon, the murder of Generals Lecompte and Clément Thomas, and all the ills that followed.

When once the fighting had begun, it is difficult to decide whether the Versailles or the Parisians showed more hopeless incapacity. All the sorties of the Reds were executed in a hopelessly chaotic and disjointed style. The men generally shirked and hung back, distrustful, rightly enough, the capacity of their leaders. It was only occasionally that they showed any dash, or even the ordinary tenacity needful to hold a position. As Rossel complained, when the military authority was placed in his hands, there were not 12,000 fighting men forthcoming out of a nominal muster of 200,000.

This being so, and the Versailles troops having shown on every occasion of contact a marked superiority over the National Guards, one asks with astonishment why Paris was not attacked and conquered a month sooner. The result of a bold push in April would have been the same as it proved to be in May. There might, perhaps, have been a few more lives lost, but France and Paris would have been spared a month's agony, and the conflagration of the final capture would probably have been avoided. The Communists had not yet so despaired that they had begun to organize destruction. As it was, the Government troops hung back in the most extraordinary way. On one occasion Fort Issy was actually evacuated by the insurgents for four hours, the garrison having mutinied and left the place *en masse*. But the Versailles officers were so far from seizing the fort that they did not even discover that it was abandoned. The final entry into Paris was brought about, not by the initiative of Vinoy, but by the heroism of the civilian Ducatel, who came out under fire to point out to the besiegers that long stretches of the wall were deserted and might be seized without loss or danger.

The Communists had reached such a stage of anarchy and recklessness that one-half of Paris was occupied by the besiegers practically without fighting. The conquest of the eastern and central quarters was a more serious matter; here the few thousand men who were really in earnest made a desperate defence enough.

Mr. March explodes the old legend of the organized brigades of *pétroleuses*, of whose existence contemporary public opinion was so thoroughly convinced. But he attributes the whole of the conflagration to the deliberate malice of the Communists. Without wishing to excuse madmen like Rigault, it is possible that the shells of the besiegers did more harm than he allows. He concedes that the victors were in the matter of military executions as pitiless as the vanquished. There was more squalid ferocity in the murders committed by the Communists, but the officers of the Versailles army shot right and left in the most reckless and off-handed manner. There is nothing to choose in moral guilt between the two.

TYNAN'S "REVELATIONS."

"The Irish National Invincibles and their Times." By Patrick J. P. Tynan (Number One). London: Chatham & Co. 1896.

THE enterprising publishers have made an effort to attract attention to this pretentious book by bringing out a new and cheaper edition, "with a letter from the author"; but we fear the attempt is as hopeless now as it was in 1894, when the first edition fell flat from the press. The fact seems to be, either that Tynan does not know so much as he pretends, or he is

so fond of his own debating society rhetoric that he hardly ever descends to a plain and simple statement of fact, but revolves in an atmosphere of whirling generalities. Perhaps we should make one exception. The "letter from the author" is concise and to the point. He wants money, and he writes to his publishers for £500 for the "copyright" of his precious tirade. As he writes on behalf of the "Irish National Invincible Publishing Company," of which P. J. P. Tynan is general manager and C. Tynan treasurer, it would seem that the handling of the receipts is still an important part of Irish National Organization. The book professes to implicate "gravely and openly" the Irish Parliamentary party in the Phoenix Park crime; but, although there is a good deal of assertion, there is still as little proof as ever, and it is likely that even the arrest and extradition proceedings at Boulogne will fail to bring the sales up to that desirable point where the publishers can remit the much-desired £500 to the author. The Irish M.P.'s will still remain "smiling poltroons, whose existence is a living lie," unless Number One can bring better proofs than he has as yet been able to offer to the public—or to Scotland Yard.

Some critics, judging by the forcible-feeble nature of the man—which is the only real "disclosure" of this book—have expressed doubts whether Patrick Tynan was in reality the Number One of the Phoenix Park murders; but of that there can, in our opinion, be no doubt. The identification was singularly conclusive, and Tynan's proved movements coincide with those of the emissary who passed between London and Dublin. There is further, of course, for those who attach value to them, his own vehement assertions and claims to that effect. The confusion arises from the mistake of confounding "Number One" with the man, still probably alive, who is spoken of as the "supreme director of the conspiracy." This Tynan never appears to have been; he was only a trusted messenger whose business as a commercial traveller for a well-known London paper manufacturer made him a suitable messenger to fetch and carry between the scoundrels skulking in London and the actual murderers in Dublin. This naturally accounts for the fact that, with the best intentions in the world, he is able to make no revelations worth speaking about. It also accounts for the way in which the Dublin police were at the time thrown off the track. The informer Carey was under the impression, from Tynan's tall talk and military bearing (he was a full private in the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, and as such acted as one of the guard of honour at the opening of the Royal Law Courts, long after the murders) that Number One was an officer in the army of some European Power; and so the detectives were haunting French barracks in search of Captain This and General That, while poor Tynan was selling notepaper and doing the goose-step at Westminster.

The composition of the book is characteristic of a pretentious semi-illiterate author with a style cultivated at Cogers' Hall. The greater part is a jumble of second-hand Irish history, and when he does condescend to the subject of the title-page he at once, as we have said, glides off into vague generalities and invective. And he is vaguest just at the points when we most want precise information. For example, there are two gentlemen we should like to know more about. One is "X," who is spoken of on p. 450 as the man initiated into the Invincible murder club next after Tynan himself. He is described as "a gentleman of superior social position and a man of education," and as being "at this date (1891) a McCarthyite member of the British Parliament." Another, "Y," is described as "the member of the (Fenian) Directory, who previous to the foundation of the Invincibles volunteered to shoot Forster." He also, "although a sound Irishman and a member of the Invincible Directory, was, and is to this day, a prominent Parnellite member of the enemy's Parliament." Really Mr. Tynan ought to oblige us with the full names, or at least the initials, of this precious pair. One man Tynan evidently knows well, Byrne, the Secretary at the Irish Parliamentary party's offices at Westminster. They were neighbours and friends, and oddly enough it was by a photograph in Byrne's album in his house in

Peckham that Tynan's identity was discovered. Byrne was deep in the Invincible plot, and he kept in his drawer at Westminster the amputating knives with which Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were to be murdered. When, says Tynan, Byrne met him after the crime, "his whole face denoted admiration and enthusiasm. Holding out both hands, he exclaimed, 'My God, I envy you.'" To men in such a frame of mind, Mr. Parnell's repudiation of the murder came as a shock and a surprise, and the sentence in which Tynan discusses it is worth quoting as illustrative at once of his chastened style and his moral attitude.

"When he, Charles Stewart Parnell, arose to take part in this hideous debate, and when the burning, blistering, slanderous words came hissing from his lips in the Senate of his country's foe—when he, standing in the presence of Ireland's enemies, stigmatized the men who died for Ireland as assassins, then an agonized thrill of horror went pulsing through the nation's frame as she stood bleeding beneath the blows dealt her by her moral assassins in that Chamber; and Ireland seeing the uplifted steel of Charles Stewart Parnell, covered her face with her robe and, falling prostrate at the base of Liberty's statue, cried out with the dying Cæsar, 'Et tu, Brute!'"

Altogether we have seldom met with a more worthless book.

TAILORS AND TRADE-UNIONISM.

"Select Documents illustrating the History of Trade-Unionism. I.—The Tailoring Trade." Edited, with an Introduction, by F. W. Galton. With a Preface by Sidney Webb, LL.B. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1896.

MR. GALTON'S "ingenious industry," as Mr. Sidney Webb happily characterizes a novel accomplishment in economic inquiry, will afford the sociological student an opportunity of revising some generally accepted views. A tailor is proverbially said to be the ninth part of a man. Precisely what that may imply we do not pretend to know. We do know, however, that, if the estimate is approximately correct, it is fortunate that the tailor's manhood has been thus severely limited. He has exercised an influence on society and has claimed an amount of attention which, multiplied by nine, would make him a predominant force in social and political economy. Those, perhaps, who consider that it takes nine tailors to make a man have little conception of the part tailors have played in the history of the country or of the respect in which great minds have held them and their business. Did not Lord Lytton, through "Pelham," declare tailoring to be "a divine art"? and did not Carlyle, through Herr Teufelsdröckh, accept the tailor as unconsciously symbolizing and prophesying with his scissors the reign of equality? Did not Foote, in 1767, devote a whole play to "The Tailors: a Tragedy for Warm Weather"? Again, has not a great living novelist taken a tailor and his family as the chief *dramatis personæ* of one of his works? And do we not find representatives of the sartorial profession cropping up in various literary forms, from Shakspeare's Starveling to Mr. George Meredith's Evan Harrington? But, considerable as is the attention which the *littérateurs* have devoted to both the journeyman and the master tailor, it is a revelation to find how momentous a part the garment-maker and the garment-seller have filled in the history and the evolution of the relations which subsist between employers and employed to-day.

For this revelation we must turn to Mr. Galton's pages. The journeyman tailor, it is surprising to learn, was practically the founder of Trade-Unionism as we now know it. Not a bad stroke of work that for the ninth part of a man! The story which Mr. Galton has to relate is of first-rate importance. Its ramifications are a little perplexing at times, and we do not wonder that the House of Commons, on more than one occasion, practically gave up in despair the effort to settle disputes between masters and men. Looked at broadly, the volume is a contribution to existing knowledge of trade combinations and anti-combination laws. When, a quarter of a century ago, as Mr. Sidney Webb

reminds us, Professor Brentano dealt with the history of Trade-Unions, he confessed that he could find nothing in the Journals of the House of Commons as to the cause of the combinations in the tailor's trade, which he rightly assumed existed early in the eighteenth century. Where Professor Brentano searched almost in vain, Mr. Galton has pursued his investigations with entire success. From the House of Commons Journals, from files of newspapers, from pamphlets, and from manuscripts he has extracted much curious material which has escaped the notice of less vigilant students. Hence he is able to lay before us a record of conflicts in the tailoring trade from the year 1721 (when 15,000 journeymen united and struck for better conditions of employment) down to 1866. The earliest organization arose out of the House of Call system. A House of Call was a tavern or other centre where the knights of the tape and shears met, and gradually formed themselves into friendly societies from which the growth of unions for the regulation of trade conditions was a matter of easy evolution. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the men earned 10s. 9d. per week and worked from six in the morning till nine at night, and when they had the temerity to demand another 2s. a week and a reduction of their hours from fifteen to fourteen, they were denounced as loiterers and vagabonds. It is impossible here to outline the campaign which was then inaugurated and is in process of development to-day, but it is interesting to note that, startled and resentful as the employers were, they learned a century and a half ago what many believe to be a lesson of the present—namely, that if union was strength for the men, it was strength also for the masters.

Mr. Galton's pages will convey two great truths to the reader who peruses them with philosophic mind. In the first place, we see that capital, however potent it may be to inflict defeat after defeat on labour, has never succeeded in doing more than check the emancipation of the workers from conditions which Conservatism to-day would be the first to denounce as barbarous. In the second place, we glean much from Mr. Galton's work which cuts at the root of Socialism. Mr. Galton has been commendably content to state facts, and to leave the reader to draw his own conclusions from them. Socialism would reduce the rewards of labour and merit to a dead level. How absolutely impracticable such a *régime* would prove may be illustrated from the history of the struggles in the tailoring trade. When the journeymen's wages were 2s. 6d. per day the men, in a petition to Parliament, humbly submitted "to the consideration of every impartial person whether (considering the great variety in the genius of men)" it was "not impracticable, or at least very inequitable, by any positive law to put an equal value on every man's labour." The rate, they insisted, must be apportioned according to merit: "otherwise there would be no room for improvement, no encouragement for emulation, no need for endeavours to excel; under which disadvantages the trade must unavoidably droop and decay, to its utter ruin." When seventy or eighty years later wages had nearly doubled and the men were anxious to secure 6s. per day, the masters themselves enlarged on the injustice of rewarding good and bad work at the same rate. So absurd, indeed, was the uniform wage that in the earlier period masters, in order to keep their better men, were driven, after paying the regulation 2s. 6d., to leave a certain amount every week in a convenient place where the men could find it. Acts of Parliament, as Mr. Galton says, were powerless to suppress the men's combinations or to prescribe the conditions under which they should work. In 1811 the masters were eager to secure freedom of contract with their men in the belief that it would result in the breaking up of the Unions—a result which the law had never compassed. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this long struggle is the perennial character of the conditions under which it has been carried on. From the first the masters regard the men's Union as an instrument of oppression. The strike is declared to be a wrong to society and to the families dependent on the weekly wage; and the complaint is ever present that the men get more money and take more time over their work. The men, on their part, draw moving pictures of the

harassing conditions under which they live and work, and meet the arguments of the masters that profits do not admit of a larger wage by pointing to the luxury in which the masters live. There is nothing new in the demand of the men that they should work less hours without reduction of wage. It was advanced in 1833 just as forcibly as in 1896. Throughout there have been Unionists and non-Unionists, the former denominated in 1767 by Foote as "Flints," and the latter as "Dungs"—names which, it is said, still cling to them in the tailoring trade. In the past, as in the present, the employers resented the dictation of the Union on the ground that it makes the servant the master. The picket would appear to be the only weapon which the modern master has to face to which the master of the past was unaccustomed. There is no fresh note even in the attitude of the workers to the "Times." In the beginning of the century, as now, the organ of Printing House Square was condemned by the Unionists as "that infamous tool of a pampered aristocracy."

GREENLAND ICEFIELDS.

"Arid Life in the North Atlantic." By G. F. Wright, D.D., and Warren Upham. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1896.

DR. WRIGHT was a member of a very miscellaneous party which made an excursion from America to Greenland in the summer of 1894. The narrative of the sad misadventures of the steamer "Miranda" has already been told in a volume to which Dr. Wright does not deign to make allusion. The former story was sensational; this one is scientific. Yet Dr. Wright ran greater risks than his fellow-tourists; for, as he is a clergyman, the superstitious sailors regarded him as a Jonah, and seem to have thought seriously of throwing him overboard. First the ill-fated "Miranda" collided with an iceberg, and had to put back to St. John's to refit. Finally she came to grief upon a sunken reef, and, having been patched up, *tant bien que mal*, was taken in tow by a sealing schooner which came to her assistance. But the weather was heavy; the crippled steamer made water fast, and there was barely time before she went down to transfer crew and passengers to the "Rigel." We were informed, by the way, that the skipper of the rescuing schooner had never been paid the salvage money which he had been promised; and, as Dr. Wright is silent on the subject, we presume that the skipper must still content himself with the consciousness of having behaved with generous humanity. For the men he saved were unanimous in expressions of gratitude, though they do not appear to have clubbed their purses to make good the breach of faith of the shipowners, who were bound by the pledges of their agent.

But, although the voyage of the "Miranda" was disastrous, it cannot be pronounced a failure, as far as Dr. Wright's objects were concerned. He went with no idea of new discovery or exploration; he simply desired to carry out personal investigations as to the physical, ethnological, and especially the geological problems in which he was interested. The book has the great recommendation of having its divisions sharply defined. Many of the chapters, which treat of the Esquimaux, of the picturesque aspects of the desolate ice-world, of life in the Danish settlements, of hunting and fishing, and the fauna of those inhospitable latitudes, have a lively popular interest. Others—and these are the most original, being abstruse and technical—may be studied or skipped, according to taste. Indeed, as to Greenland and the Greenlanders, Dr. Wright does not profess to have anything new to tell. What he has done is to collect all authoritative information as to those Arctic regions, and to bring the tales of adventure and exploration down to date. Rink's is still the standard work as to the Esquimaux, and from that he quotes largely. Moreover, he borrows all that is most dramatic from Nansen's journey over the inland ice, from the experiences of Peary and other winter sledge-parties, and from the almost miraculous escape of the castaways of the "Polaris" when drifting southward for months on crumbling ice-floes.

The most unscientific of readers can hardly fail to be interested by the effects of the Polar currents on population and commerce. Were it not for the steady set of those currents along the northern coasts of Europe, North Greenland would be uninhabitable. For the drift-wood brought down the Siberian rivers from inland forests is the only available timber, and would be the only fuel, were not lamps and stoves fed from the seal blubber. It was the drift of these waifs which induced Nansen to commit himself to a ship to be caught fast in the ice packs. Were it not for the drift of the floes, carrying colonies of valuable seals, there would have been no temptation to civilized man to form settlements on the bleak shores of Labrador. And if that seal migration is checked by the use of firearms and by indiscriminate massacre, it is likely enough that Labrador will be abandoned. How the bergs and the floes are formed Dr. Wright describes with great clearness; and the slips from the crests of topheavy ice-cliffs, or the sudden detaching of ice islands by undermining, add seriously to the dangers of the Esquimaux, who must subsist by hunting or fishing. We know with what confidence they trust themselves in wild weather to the frail kayaks, and Dr. Wright gives a remarkable example. He and his companions had been storm-bound on the shore of a wide fjord, when the waves were rolling so high that no boat could have lived. Then three Esquimaux came in from the open sea, whence the roar of the surge sounded like thunder; they stepped out of the kayaks and shifted the frail craft to their shoulders as if they had done nothing unusual. In fact, they seldom meet with fatal accidents, except from some violent convulsion of the ice, or an encounter with bear or walrus.

Dr. Wright confirms the general opinion of all recent writers, that the trading which has brought unwonted luxuries to the Esquimaux must slowly tend to their extermination, although as yet they have not sensibly decreased. In former days they were provident perforce, as there was little sale for their skins and blubber. Now both find a ready market, and consequently, as they have made slight provision against the winter, they are often reduced to dire extremity, or actually perish of sheer starvation. In any case, they are visibly deteriorating in physique, and have less strength to resist disease or epidemics. Nor has the introduction of firearms been of benefit to the hunters. The old lance or bow was, perhaps, as deadly; for the silent and patient Esquimo is an admirable stalker, and there was no noisy report, awakening innumerable echoes, to scare the seal or the reindeer from the favourite resorts. The destruction or frightening away of the deer has another unfortunate result. Formerly the natives lived as nomads through the summer in airy tents of skin. Now that skins are scarce, or too valuable to be used for that purpose, they must live all the year round in their semi-subterranean *igloos*. In these, in the intense winter cold, the overcrowding signifies little, and the close atmosphere is almost a necessity. But when the sun melts the snow that has covered the filth and deodorized the refuse, the sanitary conditions of the settlements, within doors and without, become deplorable. Dr. Wright says that it is a mistake to believe that the Esquimaux women are overtasked and abused. It is true that they do all the work ashore, but they would probably resent, like Maggie Mucklebackit, being scorned as "a when poor drudges." They are treated, on the contrary, with a sort of barbaric chivalry, and are not only contented but exceedingly cheerful. The men when ashore must have rest, if the household is to live and thrive. "For days together, perhaps, the hardy kayaker has faced the fiercest elements without shelter and with little food, and with the thermometer far below freezing." The life is hard enough at the best, and Dr. Wright concludes by asking the question, why men have clung to such trying conditions, without seeking to ameliorate them by moving south. In Greenland, indeed, the Esquimaux could not help themselves, but they might easily have shifted their abodes in North America. The only answer he can suggest is that the settlements to the south were preoccupied by hostile tribes, for between Esquimo and Indian there is deadly hatred. Yet the solution is hardly satisfactory, for in

Alaska and British America the wandering Indians were so few and so widely scattered as hardly to have been able to make a formidable stand against encroachments.

DR. HORT.

"Life and Letters of Fenton J. A. Hort." By his Son, Arthur F. Hort. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

LIKE the frogs of Egypt, the biographers hop around in clammy hosts, even to the baking troughs and the king's chambers. They add a new horror to life. What? Cannot a man chat to his friend or twaddle in peace to his second son about butterflies, or dally with dogs and cats in an unbuttoned mood, without having these trifles some day advertised in print all about the globe? Irrational persons condemn the jealous joy which our ancestors took in St. Symphorosa's knucklebone or the shoe latchet of St. Saturninus, and yet they do not consider it superstitious to print "My dear Westcott. I have a new study paper. Maurice likes it, and so you are sure to do the same. 'Adam Bede' is delightful; so is the 'Life of Sterling.'" And so on for nearly a thousand pages, interspersed with tedium in large print and sagacity in small: with peeps of Kingsley, Lightfoot, and Dean Stanley to console the patient reader, and an infinite deal of earnest considering about things and controversies now withered, wasted, and forgotten. Poor Dr. Hort! He was a modest, hard-working, kindly man too, who lives in his New Testament in Greek and his articles upon Basilides, Lightfoot, Apelles, and others. He was a man to love, and, in laboured points of fact, to lean upon, but to paint him as an eagle displayed or on a field azure is absurd and cruel. His severe labours, his honesty, his untiring pertinacity and care over virgulæ and yods are part of our national possessions, but the very qualities which made him a fine man and a reliable textual critic made him an intolerable letter-writer. He was a true son of Cambridge, and that University does right to honour him, and her *alumni* will probably plod conscientiously and gratefully through all this mass of print. He had actively developed all the practical virtues. He was *integer vitae*, incapable of juggling; he believed in hard and patient work; he was faithful, sagacious, and fair to other men. He would have made a master botanist, and would have sucked many sweet facts out of knapweed and gorse bloom, and have chewed the aromatic cud of the skirret, rathe primrose, and small-leaved sanicle. If he had but persevered with the microscope, and weighed the wasps which feed in the fig-worts, measured the angle at which the shamrock flings its seed, or taken the radius of the peltastic poppy, he would have been Lobelius redivivus or a new divus Dioscorides; but he went revising grubby texts and peeping into palimpsests, and thus only escaped that double extinguisher, a mitre, by the favour of Heaven and a good death. But such men must live in their works, for their gospel is a gospel of work. It is definite and concrete, honourable no doubt, but limited and made actual beyond even the needs of the task itself. It is wonderful how much one may know about Diognetus or the text of St. John without having the faintest suspicion that these are but the embodiments of Christian speculation, and that no amount of punctilious glossing will do more than oil the engine which the glosser cannot drive, far less construct. No doubt to clean and oil the engine is a useful work, but it is a humble one too; and without disparaging the honest men who do the cleaning, it is well to remind ourselves that if all were but cleaners there would soon be nothing left to clean, and that engine-drivers and engineers also have their functions to perform. To put it frankly, this want of philosophy, this want of a contemplative nexus for life and work, explains much about these worthy men. It explains their humility and tentativeness, for their feet are sinking in the sands of the disconnected and phenomenal. It explains the eager relief with which they turn to that welcome foothold, the idea of honest work. It explains their good humour towards their opponents. The circumference is wide, there is room for all; but the nearer you get to the centre the fiercer is the rub and the harder the jostle. If one is

merely amending an old parchment, it irritates one less that another should eviscerate or restore other documents. But how if your life work is to enforce a law and the other man's life work to break it? Toleration is only easy among the unphilosophical and in ages of non-thought. Then, again, men like Dr. Hort founded no school and left no followers, because they had nothing to teach beyond and above the plane of the actual. Darwin has followers because he united his work by a great thought—Darwinism. Hort had no such background of reason, and so there can be no Hortism. Indeed, the unphilosophic man may be like a great, honest, noble-hearted, and intelligent retriever dog, full of all his delightful qualities; but he can never be original, or indeed free. He must belong to somebody, and Hort belonged to Maurice, of course in a manly kind of way, and retrieved for him and adopted Maurice's thoughts as far as he could grasp them, and helped Maurice, and was patted by him, and gave him a great deal of love and as much understanding as was possible. The great risk which such men run is that they may get to belong to somebody, for whom it is not wise to retrieve, and he sets them to work which it is not fitting for them to do, and then there is no way out of the difficulty. Anyhow in their youth they rush about freely and worry people in all directions, but they soon find out that this does not do, and become exceedingly tame and peaceable. Hort was of this sort. He advanced strange theories and startling theses when young, but when old was so non-controversial that he sickened at the sight of clashing swords and blood running down like rain. But yet he knew well that there are things worth fighting for and gospels above that of the unslashed skin, if one could only find out what they are. Aye, but there's the rub; and Dr. Hort's *Life* does not elucidate these great unseen principles, nor show of what stuff they are made.

ANCIENT AND MODERN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

- "Monomotapa (Rhodesia)." By the Hon. A. Wilmot, M.L.C., Cape of Good Hope. With preface by H. Rider Haggard. London: Fisher Unwin. 1896.
 "The Portuguese in South Africa." By George M'Call Theal, LL.D. London: Fisher Unwin. 1896.
 "The English and the Dutch in South Africa: an Historical Retrospect." By Hartley Withers. London: Clement Wilson. 1896.

THE period covered by the three volumes before us is approximately 3,000 years. Its story carries us in a magnificent sweep from the dim and almost indiscernible past right up to the present. It is, in a word, the story of ancient and modern in South Africa. We begin with the reputed Ophir of King Solomon and end with the British South Africa Company. From first to last the narrative is one of intense interest for British readers. We see the far-off Phœnician filling in the antique world the rôle of colonizer and trader filled by the Briton to-day. We see the ancients, whether Phœnician or Arab, and the moderns, whether Portuguese or Briton, fighting for and appropriating the same territory, largely with the same motive. Thanks to the learning and skill of such inquirers as Mr. Theodore Bent and Mr. A. Wilmot—the one amid the ruins of Rhodesia; the other amid the archives of Lisbon and the Vatican—we have to-day a fairly reliable idea of the Empire of Monomotapa. When closely looked at, as Mr. Wilmot says, much of the glory of that empire fades. The emperors are seen to be Kaffir chiefs; and the palaces with gold-lined walls become clay huts. Whatever they were, it is something that, under the influence of patient scholarship, they are made to live again, at least in our imaginations. Stones have yielded up their sermons hardly less truthfully than archives their musty secrets. At the best, as Mr. Wilmot confesses, the process represents a species of groping after truth; but for popular reading it is impossible to desire a more graphic picture of the days of Phœnician activity, when the whole world was the theatre of Phœnician exploration and colonizing schemes, than that which Mr. Wilmot gives. Information seems to become a little more substantial when we look at what

is known of South-Eastern Africa under the Arabs, who established themselves at Sofala and other places centuries before the Portuguese found their way round the Cape, with a view to opening up a direct sea route to India. They made themselves masters of vast stretches of African soil, of which they were in possession when the Portuguese appeared on the scene at the end of the fifteenth century. Both Phœnicians and Arabs penetrated into the interior, and both probably merged themselves to some extent with the native population by intermarriage.

Mr. Wilmot and Mr. Theal cover a good deal of the same ground, the former concerning himself with Monomotapa only, the latter with the whole range of Portuguese movements south of the Zambesi. In a multitude of counsellors there is said to be wisdom. In a multitude of historians there is confusion. Mr. Wilmot, at the request of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, has examined such documents as the archives of Europe afford for new light on the past of Rhodesia; and Mr. Theal, by permission of Mr. Rhodes, has revised the translations of documents unearthed by Mr. Rhodes's investigators. Whether Mr. Theal has perused any translations of Mr. Wilmot's we do not know. All we can say is that these two writers, claiming to lay before the world the facts of Portuguese doings in South-East Africa, are at times so wholly at variance that only an opportunity of examining their sources of information could enable one to choose between them. For instance, Mr. Theal's description of the expedition of Francis Barreto—one of the bravest and worthiest of Portuguese adventurers—by which it was hoped to secure possession of the El Dorado believed to exist in the interior, is so different from Mr. Wilmot's that it might almost refer to another event altogether. Mr. Theal says Barreto's envoy to the King of the Makalanga proposed an alliance against the enemy of the Makalanga, the chief Mongasi, and returned to Barreto, when the latter proceeded to give battle to Mongasi. Mr. Wilmot, on the other hand, says the envoy was unfortunately drowned, and, on his failure to return, Francis Barreto determined to proceed against the Makalanga monarch. Before doing so, however, he found it necessary to chastise "the fierce Mongares," and was assisted by the King of Baroro. As we have not the archives of either Lisbon or the Vatican about us, we can make no attempt to reconcile the two stories. Equally wide are the accounts given of another matter. Mr. Theal denounces Diogo Simoens Madeira as a knave and a fool. Mr. Wilmot upholds him as a man of honour and one of the ablest and most successful officers who ever fought for Portugal in South-East Africa. According to Mr. Theal, he misled his king with regard to some silver mines, which were non-existent, in order to obtain money; according to Mr. Wilmot, the existence of the mines was reported by the natives to Madeira, and his statement was denounced as false by a jealous governor of Mozambique, who proclaimed him a bandit, and endeavoured to have him waylaid and killed. These points of difference apart, both historians manage to convey a vivid idea of the general trend of Portuguese Empire, its rise and fall, in Africa. The glory of that empire was short-lived. It dawned with the sixteenth century, passed its zenith soon after the first half of the century was complete, and had set by the beginning of the seventeenth. Portugal had enterprise, ambition, and resource; her dominion was founded partly on lust of gain, partly on a desire to evangelize. But it was predestined to failure, from its inability to strike deep root. It existed for a while because Portugal was strong enough to beat the Arabs out of the field; it was broad based on the dissensions of Mohammedan Powers on the one hand and of African natives on the other. For some three-quarters of a century it enjoyed absolute immunity from European competition. With the advent of other nations, but principally of the Dutch, the insubstantial fabric gradually shrank, until it became a mere remnant and reminder of the past.

Mr. Theal refers to the Dutch in so far as they affected the Portuguese; but for the history of the Dutch in South Africa we must turn to Mr. Hartley Withers's volume, which is in large measure a summary of Mr. Theal's *magnum opus*, "The History of South

Africa." Mr. Hartley Withers undertook the task of writing this *précis* presumably with the intention of whitewashing the Boers and exposing the somersaults of English policy in South Africa. His two hundred pages are devoted to showing how badly the Boers have been treated by the British from the time when the Cape was finally given up by the Dutch. His case is so strong, and the vacillating, purposeless policy or impolicy which has marked the relations of Dutch and British in South Africa is so humiliating, that it was quite unnecessary for Mr. Withers to attempt to excuse any shortcomings of the Boers of which he takes notice, on the ground that others have behaved just as reprehensibly in similar circumstances. Two wrongs do not make a right, and Mr. Withers must be taken occasionally with a grain of salt. He traces the differences of the British and the Dutch to the humanitarianism which made the Government prone to take the side of the natives against the Boers, to the testimony borne against the Boers by the missionaries, and to the small respect shown by the paramount Power on one or two occasions for treaties which it suited its purpose to ride roughshod over. The joint perusal of the three books now under notice leaves two ideas sharply impressed on the mind. First, that missionary enterprise—however noble its instrument, whether a Silveira or a Livingstone—has too often been responsible for the misunderstanding and bloodshed which mark South African history; second, that South Africa has been the grave of many excellent reputations, British as well as Portuguese. During nearly four centuries, cleric, politician, and soldier have combined, sometimes with the very best intentions in the world, to make South Africa a cauldron, kept perpetually at seething point, by greed of gain, by misconception of duty, and by race antagonisms.

A NEW NATURAL THEOLOGY.

"A New Natural Theology, based upon the Doctrine of Evolution." By Rev. J. Morris, M.A. London: Rivington, Percival, & Co. 1896.

THERE is a kind of suffused, undogmatic piety which at times glows in the suburban citizen. After the more serious labours of the day, when he has dined and, perchance, smoked, as he walks in his garden before the last saffron of sunset has darkened to purple, a certain desire comes over him to say something in the vein of Mrs. Hemans. Or it may be on a Sunday afternoon, if he has not over-eaten and the boys are in a sober mood, he feels tempted to moralize, to say something about the Supreme Unseen. Is there not a devout rustle a-going in the tops of the elm-trees? and the stocks and limes, with their fragrant, unbusinesslike scents, faintly recall the religious nonsense of one's nursery. But, plague take it! what can one say? To say that things work very prettily together, and are a credit to their Designer, is to reduce oneself to the exploded level of a Paley; to say that the stars, now pulsating gently through the garden roof, are voices of the Eternal or evidences of any one in particular, is to incur the derision of the boys, who have learned the rights of the case on the modern side. The whole world seems to be giving out in the twilight some of the rich colours it sucked up in the glare of the day; yet to talk about any majesty or mercy greater than that of the mayor and the stipendiary magistrate is to dub oneself a fossil or a buffer of the most musty type. It is vexing; but of course one must bow to Science, even if one has no knowledge of that sort of thing oneself: and though one cannot pretend to accept what the young ladies all take as gospel from the consumptive curate, yet one would be very glad to feel that there is a God and a future reward for respectability, if one might do so with the consent of the chemists and biologists. The Rev. Joseph Morris feels for the elderly citizen in his distress, and hastens to the rescue, promising to interpret the Universe for him and to show him *en passant* how to believe in a Personal God, although the latter is not his real purpose. The welcome message tempts one to read, although a title which combines the words new and theology, to the experienced dupe, rather threatens than does promise aught. At first one reads with great approval. A very sensible and liberal writer! "Nature only a process, hardly fair to judge the future

Author—rather a lengthy process though; been some time at it they seem to say. Paley a fool! Of course. A few archdeacons and orthodox partisans then dealt with, with Professors Momerie, Flint, and Co. A very independent thinker this!" So reads and soliloquises the citizen; but as he reads on he is somewhat staggered at the evolutionary ardour of his teacher. Now, as to origins, our world is simply a lump in the universal porridge pot. A high temperature cooked the chemical elements into being, and the hubble bubble of planets can do quite well, as far as we know, without any cook, engineer, or stoker. With a sigh, we resign the atomic dance as a thing of itself unintelligent and spiritless, and turn to the next stage, when animal stuff, protoplasm, has emerged; but, alas! the Protoplast, as Browning calls Him, is not wanted here. The original animal jelly is a shivery foundation for theology, perhaps; but mind? Well, we certainly get to some new root property here, as we did with protoplasm. Feeling, thought, and volition, all appear on the scene, not, mark you my masters, without physical correlations, as indeed personality itself has a physical side in "the intimate connexion of brain cells." But mind in animals, and for a time in man, is but the slave of protoplasmic law, and we are baulked of our promised natural theology until we progress from mind, the mere stuff of pain and pleasure, into a law of sympathetic relationships, and then immediately a chequered purpose becomes dimly visible and we are allowed to behold God without the kicks and scorn of all enlightened evolutionists. In plain words, if we use the word Nature as the Universe apart from man, we need not expect and cannot get anything more than an atheous system, bland and blind and passionless, whereas in man we may return again to a not too dogmatic broad Windsor orthodoxy. Indeed, the new natural theology is almost the exact opposite of that of the passing Arthur.

"I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I marked Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not."

Yet there is something frank and manful in this book, and the attempt to outline the natural system is well made, even if the connexion between the points is sometimes thin and the line often tremulous. Yet the very science in it is sometimes a little belated, as when he attributes overmuch to sexual selection and makes out the antique peahens to have enjoyed a more than pre-Raphaelite taste in colours. But the whole thesis rests upon a basis which is philosophically untenable. If there is a natural theology possible, God must be evident in the first act and not the fourth of Creation's drama. In other words, if He is not to be found in simple apprehension, in the dance of cosmic dust and in the chemical elements, we shall only mystify ourselves if we profess to find Him in a law of sympathetic relationships. If Divine Providence does not order all things both in Heaven and earth, if we merely "project our religious activity into Nature before it acquires a religious significance," nay, if there is a Nature at all, apart from consciousness, the troubles of the citizen, suffused with a ventless piety, cannot be composed, and he must be content to go back to the city and the more serious labours of his life in a world where religion refuses to be visible and the visible refuses to be religious. But there is a modesty about our author; he does not claim to be a man of finality, and his pious sentiments career far beyond his clipped conclusions. "If we are at present unable to read the purpose of creation other than as it applies to man, we are not the less sure that in all God's works a purpose does exist." But why, in the name of evolution, is the gentleman "not the less sure"?

PROFESSOR HADLEY ON ECONOMICS.

"Economics: an Account of the Relations between Private Property and Public Welfare." By Arthur Twining Hadley, Professor of Political Economy in Yale University. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1896.

IT is difficult to review Professor Hadley's important book shortly, for the reason that, in spite of its sub-title, it is no less than an entire system of Political Economy written on unconventional lines. As might

be expected from his previous training as Labour Commissioner in the State of Connecticut, the author considers the ordinary separation between economic theory and economic practice a mistake. So far as possible he begins in the concrete, with practical problems of to-day, and makes their study a means of developing and explaining scientific theories. This mode of treatment has its justification not only in that it at once attracts the interest of readers who require some inducement to serious study, but in the fact that, of late years, many new economic problems have come to the front and make it necessary for the student to revise views accepted too unreservedly from the older text-books. If—to explain what we mean—a modern business man begins his economic studies with Adam Smith, he is apt to fall into two mistakes. The first is to forget the comparative simplicity of the economic phenomena which Adam Smith had to analyze. For instance, when Adam Smith writes of "manufacturers" he means little more than master artisans: when he condemns combinations of workmen he is referring to loosely organized bodies that were then illegal: when he sings the praises of "natural liberty" his sole experience is of a world where industry is perpetually interfered with and regulated from above. To apply all that he says on such matters unreservedly to the modern industrial organism is quite unwarrantable. The second mistake is to realize this difference of economic conditions so thoroughly as to throw Adam Smith aside as antiquated, and overlook the permanent value of most of his economic theory. This is probably a more serious mistake than the other. He is either a very poor economist or a singularly complete one who will not learn from the constant re-reading of the "Wealth of Nations." Most prominent writers of late years, therefore, follow the traditional lines—the "return to Ricardo," for instance, has become a rallying word with many of them—with the result, perhaps, that economic science presents its abstract side too nakedly to be attractive to most people. Professor Hadley, on the other hand, takes the industrial world as it is at the end of this century, and leads his reader very much to the old theoretic conclusions. The peculiarly modern problems are, of course, the enormous investment of capital in transport and distribution; the complex phenomena of speculation due to the extension over space and during time of the production process; the evolution of free individual competition into residual competition—that is, competition between huge combinations; the struggle between organized capital and organized labour; the growth of municipal Socialism, and so on. The book accordingly has something of the charm which, some years ago, General Walker's "Political Economy" had to readers jaded with long travelling on familiar lines. Mr. Hadley's treatment may be suggested by the titles of his chapters, which run as follows:—Public and Private Wealth, Economic Responsibility, Competition, Speculation, Investment of Capital, Combination of Capital, Money, Credit, Profits, Wages, Machinery and Labour, Co-operation, Protective Legislation, Government Revenue. The attitude throughout is conservative, and whether we can altogether agree with the throwing of cold water on several modern developments or not, we cannot but be glad that Political Economy is reverting to something of its ancient boldness in suggesting, as Professor Hadley does, that the lines of "natural liberty" are the lines of progress, and that society is working out its own salvation more rapidly, and probably less cruelly, than it would under the regulation of any despotism, even of the wisest.

FICTION.

"Nephelê." By Francis William Bourdillon. London: George Redway. 1896.

IN most cases it is well that an author should remain simple-minded, that he should walk steadily along his own path, not inquiring too closely about those who have lately passed before him, nor paying much attention to the onlookers who shout that there is no way up by that road. On the other hand, the outcry

of sophisticated and somewhat wearied spectators, though misleading, may yet be useful. If Mr. Bourdillon had cared to listen to the warning voices, he would have heard that his theme was hackneyed. No great expenditure of reasoning is required to show that the cry is in itself false. A theme cannot be hackneyed; how many masterpieces of the first order have been written upon the unfilial conduct of daughters to a doting father? A candid friend might have told him at the outset that artists generally, and especially violinists and their souls, are a drug on the market. Rightly convinced of the fundamental absurdity of this statement, Mr. Bourdillon proceeded on his way and wrote the following story. A young musician at the organ falls into a kind of trance; he plays an unknown air, and as he plays he begins to feel the presence of a second person at his side. Some years later he is trifling with pencil and paper when he slowly becomes aware that he is copying an unknown woman's face; at the same time the forgotten air comes back to him. His friend breaks in upon him, and discovers that the ideal head is a portrait of Nephelê Delisle, a violinist to whom he is engaged. In course of time the musician meets Nephelê; they improvise, and it is needless to add that the familiar air comes into their fingers at the same time, and that their souls converse. The lady, in some fear, breaks off; the musician works at the piece, puts an unsatisfactory finale to it, and offers it for a certain concert. At the last moment the performers cry off, and the composer has to play his piece with Nephelê. Of course they do not stop where the manuscript stops, but go on improvising as if towards some other and perfect finale; then they both swoon away, and Nephelê never recovers. This is the notion of Mr. Bourdillon's story, and the story is hackneyed because the author has never got beyond the notion, and all notions are necessarily hackneyed. They are public property, and therefore we owe Mr. Bourdillon no apologies—we have committed no grave theft. It would be impossible to steal the shortest of Tourgenief's tales and reproduce it in less space than he used himself; but a few lines of print take the wind completely out of the hundred and fifty pages of "Nephelê." Some scores of persons could now write some scores of "Nephelês" as well as Mr. Bourdillon, and so the warnings were justified after all; and it is a pity he did not hear them or heed them, in spite of their unreasonableness. There is room enough for any number of musicians in fiction; for nothing human is hackneyed. But there is no humanity in a mere notion, in the meeting of souls over a violin sonata. That is nothing more than an occasion—a somewhat easily conceived occasion—for the display of humanity. Mr. Bourdillon has left out the humanity, the thing no man could steal from him. "Nephelê" is not, properly speaking, a short story; but it may be condemned in company with a large number of short stories which have here and there brought down upon them the somewhat inarticulate wrath of impatient critics. The fashion of short-story writing has encouraged the setting down of mere notions, the *précis* of a man's life, or an occasion that has been conceived in the abstract and never realized in terms of living active humanity. This is the heaviest charge that can be brought against the short story as a fashion, and it cannot be too often urged that, however inspiring an idea for a story may be to the author, it does not count in itself; it is like the first hundred marks in a Civil Service examination—the candidate does not begin to score until he reaches his second hundred.

"Lord Harborough." By Anne Elliot. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1896.

"His Vindication." By Mrs. Newman. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co. 1896.

"The Touch of Sorrow." By Edith Hamlet. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1896.

When the peer of fiction, concealed by a wily uncle, grows up among workmen as one of themselves, he is easily distinguishable by a "dreamy air of abstraction," and "a voice and accent more refined than those of the others." Consequently, when Lord Harborough comes to his own, we are not surprised to find him more Catholic than the Pope, as it were—conspicuous among

aristocrats for his distinguished bearing. What is more astonishing is the extreme vulgarity of his noble relatives and their friends, who find great amusement in taunting him, directly and indirectly, with his carpentering antecedents. Musgrave, the tutor, is good: so is the mother of Netty Staveley. The style, though nothing startling in the way of brilliancy, is not at all irritating.

"His Vindication" is a kind of grown-up fairy-tale, with benevolent godmother, evil genius, pretty heroine, large fortune, and prince under a cloud, all complete. There is something wonderfully satisfactory in the happy ending, rounded off like the "Vicar of Wakefield," where every character gets his or her deserts, and an appropriate partner for life. The easy writing of the story blinds one to its improbabilities in a very creditable manner.

All that Miss Stella Morecombe needs, in her author's opinion, is the "touch of sorrow" which gives the book its title, and the death of her baby is supposed to have totally changed her nature. But the author has not succeeded in making this credible to us. We cannot praise the story.

"Lindsay's Girl." By Mrs. Herbert Martin. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1896.

"My Dear Grenadier." By Sybil Reid. London: John Macqueen. 1896.

"Her Point of View." By G. M. Robins. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1896.

"Lindsay's Girl" is a popular edition of Mrs. Herbert Martin's readable but somewhat long-winded novel. It forms the thirty-second volume of the cheap "Green Back Series."

"My Dear Grenadier" is not the sentimental "scarlet fever" order of tale that one expects. The grenadier in question has nothing to do with Her Majesty's uniform, but is a very charming girl of six feet one. Her death "proves nothing," but answers its end of achieving pathos and clearing the way for a minor heroine's marriage. This minor heroine, who tells the story, is both witty and sympathetic. If her style were a little less modelled on Rhoda Broughton, it would be well. A course of good reading, in our opinion, is what the author needs to bring good writing easily within her reach.

"Her Point of View" has a very modern heroine, with an amusing passion for an unwholesome novelist. The passion has a tragic end, and she eventually marries a species of younger Sir Walter Besant. To us, he seems—we confess it—not quite so decided an improvement on the first discarded author as he does to the heroine. But when we find her "lifting wet, starry eyes and quivering lips to him with a surrender so absolute that it shook him body and soul," we have nothing to say, other than what, we fear, has been said before—"De gustibus non disputandum."

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Disturbance in the Standard of Value." By Robert Barclay. Second Edition. London: Effingham Wilson. 1896.

MR. BARCLAY believes, with all students, that the monetary question is of supreme importance to all interests. It is indeed, he says, a question for statesmen; but, seeing that Parliament generally waits till it is moved or driven by popular opinion, it is a positive duty for every one to try to master it. We are not very confident that it is in the power of the average man to get further than the wholesome conviction that it is a question on which very few people have any right to have an opinion. Be that as it may, Mr. Barclay's book is certainly one of the best popular presentations of the views generally accepted by scientific economists, and the appearance of a second edition seems to argue a growing interest in the subject.

"Farming Industries of Cape Colony." By Robert Wallace, Professor of Agriculture and Rural Economy in the University of Edinburgh. London: P. S. King & Son. 1896.

It is not every Scots professor who uses his six months' holiday to such public advantage as Professor Wallace does. He has now travelled, he tells us, some 150,000 miles during the last nine years in the interests of agricultural research, and has already published his personal investigations in India, Australia and New Zealand, Canada, the United States, Greece, Italy, and Egypt. The present volume is the outcome of a four

months' study on the spot of the agricultural resources of Cape Colony, undertaken at the invitation of the Colonial Government. Professor Wallace makes a bad start by prefacing his own portrait, and by a "personal statement" in which he draws attention to what he calls the peculiar characteristics of his writings—the chief of which seem to be an excessive use of capitals, and the "calling every one merely by his name without the meaningless prefix 'Mr.'." A University professor ought to know that the only excuse of egotism is the possession of genius. But much may be forgiven the author in consideration of the excellence of his work.

We have had enough and to spare of travellers who see only what they want to kill. We have a few, like Olive Schreiner, who are not only artists, but keen observers of social phenomena. But when Professor Wallace goes to Africa he goes as a past-master in farming, and has his eyes open to one definite class of things. He looks at Cape Colony as a possible refuge for our distressed agriculturists at home, as a source of supply for the great mining industries in the North, and as a market which can buy our manufactures only with produce that we will be willing to import. We have here, accordingly, a very full and, moreover, a very interesting account of the agricultural conditions and prospects of a colony which has been somewhat overlooked in favour of its gold-producing neighbours, and the book is of public interest.

Apart from the Cape's internal resources and supply, what will most strike the reader, perhaps, is its possibility of fruit-growing for export. The industry is yet in its infancy; but, when it is remembered that "the seasons fall conversely with those of England," and that consequently the only competitor in supplying our market with fruits, in months when even America cannot compete, is Australia, there seems to be a future for a country where all the fruits and crops of the warmer temperate zone grow to perfection. The book is amply and well illustrated with drawings, photographs, and maps. In view of modern problems, two remarks of Professor Wallace are, perhaps, worth quoting. One is that "Immature brandy is the curse of the Colony; no country in which grain is taxed and brandy permitted to go free can ever hope to prosper." The other is that the ubiquitous wire fencing is generally of German manufacture, "owing to its good quality and cheapness."

"Killboyland Bank; or, Every Man His Own Banker." By E. M. Lynch. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, & Co., Limited. 1896.

So much has been written of late years against stories "with a moral" that one hesitates to say much in favour of a book like the present. Still, in the present desperate circumstances of agriculture, anything should be welcomed that calls attention to a possible alleviation, and this book may be read in circles which weightier treatises would never reach. "Killboyland Bank" purports to be an account of how the parish priest in a typical Irish village started a rural bank. Rural banks, it may be explained, are an application of Schultze-Delitzsch's People's Bank to the peculiar circumstances of agriculture. Briefly, it amounts to this, that by combining their resources on the principle of unlimited liability, and obtaining some good name as guarantee, a small number of respectable peasants who intimately know each other's circumstances and can supervise each other's actions, can borrow at ordinary rates and lend to each other small sums for recognized and stated purposes, with very little risk and with great results, both financial and social. The problem is how to bring within reach of the peasant something of the advantages which capital alone can command. "The cottier has the use of a bit of land—bare land. How is he to make it pay? Mr. Gladstone tells him to grow fruit and make preserves. Mr. Plunkett advises him to try dairying. There are a dozen books to show him that if he keeps bees, or keeps rabbits, or keeps hens, he is on the high road to fortune. But since the days of the Garden of Eden there has been no place where fruit was to be had for the plucking. You must buy the trees nowadays, and labour and wait for the crop—perhaps wait long! There must be a cow before there's a dairy; and she costs money to buy and to feed. And if you open those books about the *piccola coltura*, you must see that the first thing advised in every case is expense—hives, or hutches, or hen roosts are not to be had for the asking. Then there are patent dodges to meet every contingency. Special strains to be bought in this place or that, somebody's registered food, somebody else's invaluable wire fencing; every one of the recommended articles spells, first of all, 'hands in pockets.' But what any sensible man must say is, these things don't come of themselves. A man with his 'four bones'—that's what you call it, isn't it, Mick?—and a spade and a potato patch, can't compass them. Money—or, better said, credit, which means the character that is convertible into money—is the true driving-wheel of the agricultural machine." But the best argument for such banks is their success and rapid growth in North Italy, a country singularly like Ireland in poverty-stricken husbandry and backward farming, and in Germany, where there are no less than 2,700 such banks on Raiffeisen's model. Mr. Lynch is not a Miss Jane Barlow, but his book has enough of dramatic interest in it to make it very interesting reading. The different types

of character represented give the author the opportunity of meeting objections such as would naturally arise in the somewhat arduous task of convincing a set of ignorant peasants that their salvation was to come from an institution that does not usually stand for help and generosity. The scientific exponent in this country of co-operative credit in agriculture is, of course, Mr. Wolff; but we venture to think that many who have noticed Mr. Wolff's writings on the subject with indifference may be led to serious consideration of them by this pleasantly told tale.

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DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Lessees, the Executors of the late Sir Augustus Harris. Autumn Season under the Management of Mr. JOHN COLEMAN. Every Evening at 7.30. **THE DUCHESS OF COOLGARDIE**, by Messrs. Euston Leigh and Cyr Clare.

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HAROLD WHALLEY, Secretary.

Mount Street, Liverpool, 6th September, 1896.

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PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC CLASS.

Systematic Courses of Lectures and Laboratory Work in the subjects of the Preliminary Scientific and Intermediate B.Sc. Examinations of the University of London will commence on October 1, and continue till July, 1897.

Fee for the whole course, £21, or £18 10s. to students of the Hospital; or £5 5s. each for single subjects.

There is a Special Class for the January Examination.

For further particulars apply to the WARDEN OF THE COLLEGE, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

A Handbook forwarded on application.

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The WINTER SESSION will BEGIN on Thursday, October 1, 1896. Students can reside in the College within the Hospital walls, subject to the college regulations.

The Hospital contains a service of 750 beds. Scholarships and Prizes of the aggregate value of nearly £900 are awarded annually.

The Medical School contains large Lecture Rooms and well-appointed Laboratories for Practical Teaching, as well as Dissecting Rooms, Museum, Library, &c.

A large Recreation Ground has recently been purchased, and is open to members of the Students' Clubs.

For further particulars apply personally or by letter to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

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ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,

Albert Embankment, London, S.E.

The WINTER SESSION of 1896-97 will OPEN on Friday, October 2nd, when the prizes will be distributed at Three p.m. by the Right Hon. Lord Justice LINDLEY.

Three Entrance Scholarships will be offered for competition in September—viz.: One of £150 and one of £60 in Chemistry and Physics, with either Physiology, Botany, or Zoology, for first year's students; one of £50 in Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry, for third year's students.

Scholarships and money prizes of the value of £300 are awarded at the Sessional Examinations, as well as several medals.

Special classes are held throughout the year for the Preliminary Scientific and Intermediate M.B. Examinations of the University of London.

All hospital appointments are open to students without charge.

The School Buildings and the Hospital can be seen on application to the Medical Secretary.

The fees may be paid in one sum or by instalments. Entries may be made separately to lecture or to hospital practice; and special arrangements are made for students entering in their second or subsequent years, also for dental students and for qualified practitioners.

A register of approved lodgings is kept by the Medical Secretary, who also has a list of local medical practitioners, clergymen, and others who receive students into their houses.

For prospectuses and all particulars apply to Mr. RENDLE, the Medical Secretary. H. P. HAWKINS, Dean.

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NAVAL CADETSHIPS, 1897.—A VACANCY will be given to BOYS intending to compete for above on very favourable terms, in one of the best known and most successful Navy Schools.—Write to NAVY HEADMASTER, Willing's Advertisement Office, 162 Piccadilly, W.

REPORT ON OPERATIONS FOR MONTH ENDING JULY 31, 1896.

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IN JOHANNESBURG—L. BAUER.

HEAD OFFICE:

18 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.

PROSPECTING.—A new Prospecting Shaft has been sunk on the virgin area, 1,500 feet West of the Eastern boundary. Several leaders have been met with from 15 feet downwards, one of them assaying 103 dwts., over 6 ins. width. This is supposed to be the main reef leader, sinking is therefore being continued to find the main reef.

NEW WORKS.—The battery engine has been delivered at mine and the erection has been started vigorously. The boiler plant and new hauling engine have been tried to satisfaction. Bridges for dumping waste have been put up at New Headgear. The Rand Central Ore Reduction Company has commenced with the erection of the wooden tanks. Work at new compound is progressing steadily. All other work in connection with the new plant is being pushed on rapidly.

NATIVE LABOUR. is plentiful.

WATER SUPPLY.—There has been no rain during the month. The water in the dams therefore decreased constantly. The reservoir at Mine 4 has been connected with a pipe line to the Van Ryn West, and a fair supply has been obtained.

Profit and Loss.....May £219 10s. 3d.; June £256 13s. 6d.; July £1,153 6s. 7d.
Capital Expenditure.....May £15,553 19s. 5d.; June £14,152 8s. 7d.; July £11,629 1s. 5d.

By order of the Board,

STUART JAMES HOGG, Secretary.

18 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C., 18 September, 1896.

NEW PRIMROSE GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Capital of this Company has been increased to £300,000, and Shareholders are informed that they have the right of applying for one New Share in respect of every 14 shares held by them on the 30th September, 1896, at the price of £5 per share.

The whole of the Issue of 20,000 shares has been guaranteed at £5 per share. Applications will be received by the Company's bankers, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co., 67 Lombard Street, London, E.C., not later than the 10th October, 1896.

Application Forms and full particulars will be sent to registered shareholders, or can be obtained of the London Agents.

Transfer Books will be closed from the 30th September to the 6th October, both dates inclusive.

By order,

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON AGENTS.

7 Lothbury, E.C., September 1896. THOMAS HONEY, London Secretary.

LANGLAAGTE ROYAL GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the date of the GENERAL MEETING, to be held at Johannesburg, having been altered to the 29th October, the Transfer Books will be closed from the 13th to 29th October, both dates inclusive, instead of from the 22nd September to 13th October.

By order,

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON AGENTS.

7 Lothbury, E.C., September 18, 1896. T. HONEY, London Secretary.

THE NEW RIETFontein ESTATE GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Transfer Books of this Company will be closed from the 1st to the 10th October, both dates inclusive, for the purpose of balancing the Share Ledgers.

By order,

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON AGENTS.

7 Lothbury, E.C., September 23, 1896. T. HONEY, London Secretary.

NEW HEIDELBERG ROODEPORT GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Transfer Books of this Company will be closed from the 1st to the 10th October, both dates inclusive, for purpose of balancing the Share Ledgers.

By order,

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON AGENTS.

7 Lothbury, E.C., September 23, 1896. T. HONEY, London Secretary.

THE ROODEPORT GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Transfer Books of this Company will be closed from the 1st to the 10th October, both dates inclusive, for purpose of balancing the Share Ledgers.

By order,

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON AGENTS.

7 Lothbury, E.C., September 23, 1896. T. HONEY, London Secretary.

BUFFELSDOORN ESTATE and GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Transfer Books of this Company will be closed from the 1st to 6th October, both dates inclusive, for purpose of balancing the London Share Ledgers.

By order,

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON AGENTS.

7 Lothbury, E.C., September 24, 1896. THOMAS HONEY, London Secretary.

CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

DIVIDEND No. 17.

A DIVIDEND OF SIXTY PER CENT. (being at the rate of 120 per cent. per annum) has been declared by the Board, for the Half-year ending 30th September, 1896, payable to Shareholders registered in the Books of the Company at the close of business at 4 p.m., on Tuesday, 29th September, 1896, and to HOLDERS of Coupon No. 5 attached to Share Warrants to Bearer.

The Dividend Warrants will be despatched to London from the Company's Head Office, Johannesburg, about 16th November next.

The Transfer Registers will be closed from the 30th September to 6th October, 1896, both days inclusive.

By order,
For A. MOIR, *London Secretary*,London Office, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
September 15, 1896.

A. TACKLEY.

ASSISTANCE WANTED.

THE undermentioned CASES, for which it has not been found possible to raise the necessary help from other sources, are RECOMMENDED by the CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY. Contributions towards their assistance will be gladly received by C. S. LOCH, Secretary, 15 Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C.

19,111.—A Central Committee appeal for £6 3s. 4d. to complete premium of £25 paid to secure three years' indoor apprenticeship to dressmaking for a young girl, whose father had to go into infirmary, and whose mother had a young child to support and could not give the elder girl the training and care she needed. The parents were respectable people, come down in the world through misfortune. Half of the premium was paid by parochial charities. Girl had special taste for dressmaking, and needed a home to save her from bad influences.

17,207.—£5 4s. required to complete an allowance of 8s. a week for a most respectable SINGLE WOMAN, aged 74; was in feeble health for many years, and unable to do more than just support herself, and is now quite past work. Former employers help towards this allowance.

19,075.—An Eastern Committee ask for £2 10s. to complete an allowance for a SINGLE WOMAN of 65. She is much crippled with rheumatism, and has struggled very pluckily to support herself. She was educated at an orphan school, and for many years subscribed to the Old Scholars' Association, which is now joining in helping her. The clergy and some poor friends also help; she has no near relations.

19,110.—£4 3s. 8d. is asked for towards expenses of providing a temporary allowance, and removal into the country, of a YOUNG COUPLE who had fallen into extreme poverty, through ill-health of husband, who is going into consumption. Relations had previously paid rent and given food for six months. Ultimately man got light work in Essex, and through help given has been made self-supporting.

19,101.—An East End Committee ask help to continue payment for a YOUNG WOMAN of 22 in a rescue home. Mother dead, father in workhouse. Girl was fast going to the bad. Has been in the home three months, and is improving steadily. There is every reason to believe she will make a good servant in time. £2 12s. is needed.

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The undoubted fact that London is trending westward makes it every day more urgent that a large, perfectly constructed, and easily accessible Eye Hospital should be built to meet the imperative and constantly growing needs of the poor who come from all parts of the Metropolis and the United Kingdom.

The accommodation in the present building for both Out- and In-Patients is wholly inadequate to the daily increasing demand for relief. This will necessitate the rebuilding of the Hospital on a New Site, to provide which, and erect thereon an edifice replete with all the modern improvements rendered urgent by the rapid advance in Ophthalmic Science and Surgery, a sum of at least £50,000 will be required.

The Committee urgently appeal for New Annual Subscriptions for maintenance purposes, and they earnestly plead with the Benevolent to enable them to build the much-needed New Hospital.

Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; or to

T. BEATTIE-CAMPBELL, Secretary.

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